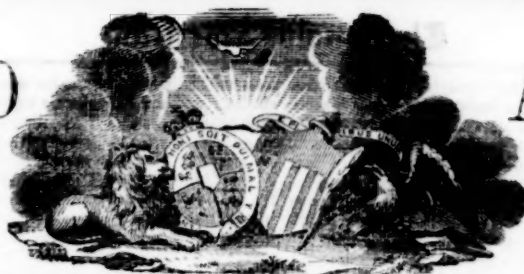


A. D. PATERSON,
EDITOR.



E. L. GARVIN & Co
PUBLISHERS

THREE DOLLARS A YEAR

"AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM."

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

OFFICE 4 Barclay-St.
Astor Building.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1844.

VOL. 4. No. 4.

"A TWILIGHT REVERIE."

BY ARTHUR KIRTLAND.

The Autumn winds sweep sadly by,
The painted leaves are whirled on high,
And th' trees cold arms are bare;
The ripened fruit slips from the bough,
But th' leafless woods are silent now,
And th' nests are empty there.
The summer time hath flown as fast
As a happy dream, too sweet to last.
The sun hath dropt behind the sky,
And from her jewell'd throne on high,
Peeps forth the evening star;
The Autumn moon hangs on the hill,
And when the moaning wind is still,
A voice falls from afar:
"The sweetest dreams of youth are past
And Love and Hope are fled at last."
Now through the gath'ring gloom glides by
A shad'wy train, how mournfully
They turn their eyes upon me;
I hear sweet voices in the air,
But ah they mock the fondest prayer,
Which Youth and Hope had taught me;
They say "Love's sunny dreams are past,"
They were indeed too sweet to last.
Their hands are filled with withered flow'rs,
Plucked when they passed Youth's sunny bow'rs,
Ere Love's sweet dreams had flown;
They whisper "Hope doth ever cheat
The trusting heart, see 'neath thy feet,
The dust she builds upon;"
Ah! Love and Hope are fled at last,
The sweetest dreams of Youth are past.
I've seen my dearest hopes decay,
And down the Past glide far away,
Like waves upon the deep;
If all Life's weary dreams were o'er,
What bliss 't would be to dream no more,
But close my eyes in sleep;
And wake upon that shore above,
Where all is Light, and Truth, and Love.

NEW YORK, NOV., 1844.

THIERRY'S HISTORY OF THE GAULS.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

'Tis a pleasant thing to turn from the present, with its turmoil and its noise, its clank of engines and its pallid artizans, its political strife and its social disorganization, to the calm and quiet records of the past—to the contemplation of bygone greatness: of kingdoms which have passed away,—of cities whose site is marked only by the mouldering column and the time-worn wall—of men with whose name the world once rang, but whose very tombs are now unknown. If there is any thing calculated to enlarge the mind, it is this; for it is only by a careful study of the past that we come to know how duly to appreciate the present. Without this we magnify the present: we imagine that the future will be like unto it; we form our ideas, we base our calculations upon it alone; we forget the maxim of the Eastern sage, that "this too shall pass away." It is by the study of history that we overcome this otherwise inevitable tendency; we learn from it, that other nations have been as great as we, and that they are now forgotten—that a former civilization, a fair and costly edifice which seemed to be perfect of its kind, has crumbled before the assaults of time, and left not a trace behind. There is a still small voice issuing forth from the ruins of Babylon, which will teach more to the thinking mind than all the dogmas and theories of modern speculators.

When we turn to the study of ancient history, our attention is immediately riveted on the mighty name of Rome. Even the history of Greece cannot compare with it in interest. Greece was always great in the arts, and for long she was eminent in arms: but the arms of her citizens were too often turned against each other; and the mind gets fatigued and perplexed in attempting to follow the endless maze of politics, and the constant succession of unimportant wars. There are, indeed, many splendid episodes in her history—such as the Persian war, the retreat of the Ten Thousand, a few actions in the Peloponnesian contest, and the whole of the Theban campaigns of Epaminondas; but the intervening periods have but a faint interest to the general reader, till we come down to the period of the Macedonian monarchy. This, in deed, is the great act in the drama of Grecian history. Who can peruse without interest the accounts of the glorious reign of Alexander; of that man who, issuing from the mountains of Macedonia, riveted the fetters of despotism on Greece, which had grown unworthy of freedom, and carried his victorious arms over the fertile plains of Palestine, till he stood a conqueror amidst the palaces of Persepolis, and finally halted only on the frontiers of Hindostan, arrested in his progress not by the arms of his enemies but by the revolt of his soldiers! He flung a halo of glory around the last days of Greece, like the bright light of a meteor, whose course he resembled equally in the rapidity and brilliancy of his career. With him dies the interest of Grecian story:

the intrigues and disputes of his successors, destitute of general interest, served but to pave the way for the progress of a mightier power.

Of greater interest even than this is the history of Rome. Her conquests were not merely the glorious and dazzling achievements of one man, which owed their existence to his talents, and crumbled to pieces at his death; they were slow and gradual in their progress—the effects of a deep and firm policy: they were not made in a day, but they endured for a thousand years. No country presents such interest to the politician and the soldier. To the one the rise and progress of her constitution; her internal struggles; the balance of political power in the state; her policy, her principles of government; the administration and treatment of the many nations which composed her vast empire must ever be the subject of deep and careful study: while to the other the campaigns of Hannibal, the wars of Caesar, and the long line of her military annals, present a wide field for investigation and instruction—an inexhaustible topic for philosophic reflection.

But there is one subject connected with the progress of the Roman empire which has been unduly neglected, and without a perfect understanding of which we cannot justly appreciate either the civil or military policy of that state. We mean the history of the nations who came in contact with her—viz. the Carthaginians, the Gauls, the Spaniards. The ancient historians belonged exclusively to Greece or Rome: they looked upon all other nations except themselves as barbarous; and they never related their history except incidentally, and in so far as it was connected with that of those two countries. Modern historians, following in their track, and attracted by the splendour of their names, deviated not from the beaten path; and a thick veil still hung over the semi-barbarous neighbours and enemies of Rome. The history of no one of those nations was more interesting, or in many points involved in greater obscurity, than that of the Gauls.

Nowhere amongst the ancient writers could any connected account of the origin or progress of this nation be found; scattered notices of them alone could be discovered interspersed incidentally amongst other matter, and these notices were frequently inconsistent. This is particularly the case as regards their early history: in later times, when they came into more immediate contact with the Romans, a more connected and minute account of them has been preserved. In the lively pages of Livy, and in the more accurate narrative of Polybius, a considerable mass of information on this subject may be found; while a clear light has been thrown on many parts of their latter history by the narrative of Appian, the Lives of Plutarch, and, above all, by the Commentaries of Caesar. But all information, scattered over a multiplicity of authors, could give us no conception of their history as a people. An author was still wanting to collect all these together, so as to present us with something like a continuous history. But to do this was no easy task: the materials were scanty and often contradictory; they were all written in a spirit hostile to the Gauls; a deep vein of prejudice and national partiality ran through and tarnished them all; the motives of that people were misrepresented, their actions falsified; the historians often understood little of their institutions and their character. From such materials it required no common man to be able to deduce a clear and impartial narrative: it required great talent and deep research—the accuracy of the scholar and the spirit of the philosopher, the acuteness of the critic joined to the eye of the painter. Such a man has been found in Amadeo Thierry. His *History of the Gauls* is a work of rare merit—a work which must ever be in the hand of every one who would understand the history of antiquity. It is little to the credit of the literature of this country, that his work has not yet appeared in an English translation.

He has traced the progress of the Gauls, from their earliest appearance on the stage of the world till their final subjection to the Roman power, in a manner worthy of a scholar and a philosopher. His narrative is clear, animated, and distinct; he possesses in an eminent degree the power of giving breadth to his pictures; of drawing the attention of his readers to the important events, whilst the remainder are thrown into shade. His mode of treating authorities is perhaps the best that can be imagined; he neither clogs his pages with long extracts, nor does he leave them unsupported by a reference to the original authors. At the end of each paragraph a reference is given to the authorities followed, to whom the reader may at once turn if he wish to verify the conclusions arrived at; and where the points are involved in obscurity, the passages founded on are quoted generally in a note, and never in the text, except when their importance really justified such an interruption of the narrative. His style is always animated and graphic, occasionally rising to elevated flights of eloquence, while his subject is one of a deep and varied interest; for in following the checkered fortunes of the Gauls, he is brought in contact with almost every nation of the earth. To whatever country of the ancient world we turn, we find that the Gaul has preceded us, either as the savage conqueror or the little less savage mercenary. Issuing originally from the East, that boundless cradle of the human race, we soon find him contending with the German for his morass, with the Spaniard for his gold—traversing the sands of Africa, and pillaging the plains of Greece—founding a kingdom in the midst of Asiatic luxury, and bearing his conquering lance beneath the Capitol of Rome. But a mightier spirit soon rose to rule the storm. In vain the courage of the Gaul, allied with the power of Carthage, and directed by the genius of Hannibal, maintained for years a desperate and doubtful contest in the heart of Italy. The power of Rome kept steadily advancing: Greece fell beneath her conquering arm; and the fleets of Carthage no longer ruled the wave. The Spaniard, after many a hard-fought field, at last sank into sullen submission; and the Galatians, degenerating under the influence of Asiatic manners, proved unequal to the contest; the Gaul, instead of inundating the land of the foreigner, could with difficulty maintain his own; and soon the eagle of the Capitol spread its wings over a Transalpine province. But the free spirit of the Gaul now made a mighty effort to rend asunder the bonds

which encircled it; and a countless multitude, after ravaging Spain, poured down into Italy: the Roman empire rocked to its foundation, when Marius, hastening over from his African conquests, saved his country by the glorious and bloody victory of *Aqua Sextia*. Yet a little while and the legions of Rome, under the orders of Caesar, traversing with fire and sword their country retaliated on the Gaul the calamities he had often inflicted on others, subdued his proud spirit, and forged for him, amidst seas of blood, those fetters which were finally riveted by the policy of Augustus. Such is a brief outline of the heart-stirring story of this singular and interesting race.

One of the most interesting parts of Thierry's work is the Introduction. He there gives a brief view of the character of the Gaulish race; its division into two great branches, the Gaul and the Kimry, and the periods into which the history of this people naturally divides itself.

How important and how little attended to is this character of the different races of men! How perfectly it is preserved under all situations and under all circumstances! No lapse of time can change, no distance can efface it. Nowhere do we see this more distinctly than in America: there how marked is the difference of the Spanish race in the south and the Anglo-Saxon in the north! And from this we may draw a deeply important practical lesson; viz. the danger of attempting to force on one race institutions fitted to another. Under a free government, the Anglo-Saxon in the north flourished and increased and became a mighty people. Under a despotic sway, the Spaniard in the south was slowly but surely treading that path which would ultimately have led to national greatness, when a revolution, nourished by English gold, and rendered victorious by English arms, inflicted what was to him the curse of free institutions. Under their influence, commerce has fled from the shores of New Spain; the gold-mines of Peru lie unworked; population has retrograded; the fertile land has returned to a state of nature; and anarchy, usurping the place of government, has involved the country in ruin and desolation. Nor is this the only instance of the effect of free institutions on the Spanish race. In Old Spain the same experiment has been tried, and has produced the same result. Under their withering effect, the empire of Spain and the Indies has passed away; the mother country, torn by internal dissensions, has fallen from her proud estate, and can with difficulty drag on a precarious existence amidst all the tumult and blood of incessant revolutions. How long will it be ere we learn that free institutions are the *Amreeta* cup of nations—the greatest of all blessings or the greatest of all curses, according to the race on which it is conferred!

The history of the Gauls, in Thierry's opinion, divides itself naturally into four great periods: his brief *resumé* of the state of the nation, during each of those periods, is so animated that we cannot refrain from quoting his own words:—

"The first period contains the adventures of the Gaulish nations in the mad state. No race of the West has accomplished a more agitated and brilliant career. Its wanderings embrace Europe, Asia, and Africa: its name is inscribed with terror in the annals of almost every people. It burned Rome: it conquered Macedonia from the veteran phalanxes of Alexander, forced Thermopylae, and pillaged Delphi: afterwards it planted its tents on the ruins of ancient Troy, in the public places of Miletus, on the banks of the Sangarius, and on those of the Nile: it besieged Carthage, threatened Memphis, reckoned among its tributaries the most powerful monarchs of the East: on two occasions it founded in Upper Italy a mighty dominion, and it raised up in the bosom of Phrygia that other empire of the Galatians which so long ruled Asia Minor.

"In the second period—that of the sedentary state—we observe the same race every where developing itself, or permanently settled, with social, religious, and political institutions, suited to its particular character—original institutions, and civilization full of life and movement, of which Transalpine Gaul offers a model the purest and the most complete. One would say, to follow the animated scenes of that picture, that the theocracy of India, the feudalism of the Middle Ages, and the Athenian democracy, had resorted to the same soil, there to combat and rule over one and other in turn. Soon that civilization mixes and alters: foreign elements introduce themselves, imported by commerce, by the relations of vicinity, by reaction of the conquered population. Hence various and other strange combinations: in Italy it is the Roman influence which makes itself felt in the manners of the Cisalpines: in the south of Transalpine Gaul it is at first the influence of the Greeks of Massalia, afterwards that of the Italian colonies: and in Galatia there springs up the most singular combination of Gaulish, Phrygian, and Greek civilization.

"Next follows the period of national strife and of conquest. By a chance worthy of notice, it is always under the sword of the Roman that the power of the Gaulish nations falls: in proportion as the Roman dominion extends, the Gaulish dominion, up to that time firmly established, recoils and declines: one would say that the conquerors and the conquered from the *Allia* followed one and other to all points of the earth to decide the old quarrel of the Capitol. In Italy the Cisalpines are subjugated, but only after two centuries of the most determined resistance: when the rest of Asia accepted the yoke, the Galatians defended still, against Rome, the independence of the East. Gaul yields, but only from exhaustion, after a century of partial contests, and nine years of a general war under Caesar: in fine, the names of Caractac and Galzac render illustrious the last and fruitless efforts of British liberty. It is every where the unequal combat of a military spirit, ardent and heroic, but simple and unskilful, against the same spirit disciplined and persevering. Few nations show in their annals so beautiful a page as that last Gaulish war, written nevertheless by an enemy. Every effort of heroism, every prodigy of valour, which the love of liberty and of country ever produced, there displaying themselves in spite of a thousand contrary and fatal passions: discords between the cities, discords in the cities, enterprises of the nobles against the people, licentiousness of democracy, hereditary enmities of race. What men were those Bituites, who in one day burned twenty of their towns! What men were those Camutes, fugitives, pursued by the sword, by famine, by winter, and whom nothing could conquer! What variety of character is there amongst their chiefs—from the druid Divitiac, the good and honest enthusiast of the Roman civilization, to the savage Ambiorix, crafty, vindictive, implacable, who admired and imitated nothing save the savageness of the German: from Dumno-ris, that ambitious but fierce agitator, who wished to make the conqueror of the Gauls an instrument, but not a master, to that Vercingeto-ris, so pure, so eloquent, so true, so magnanimous in misfortune, and who wanted nothing to take a place amongst the greatest men, but to have had another enemy, above all another historian, than *Cæsar*!

"The fourth period comprises the organization of Gaul into a Roman province, and the slow and successive assimilation of Transalpine manners to the manners and institutions of Italy—a labour commenced by Augustus, continued with success by Claudius, completed in latter times. That transference

from one civilization to another was not made without violence and without checks: numerous revolts are suppressed by Augustus—a great insurrection fails against Tiberius. The distractions and the impending ruin of Rome during the civil wars of Galba, of Otho, of Vitellius, and of Vespasian, gave room for a sudden explosion of the spirit of independence to the north of the Alps.

The Gaulish nations again took up arms, the senates reformed themselves, the Roman legions cantoned on the Rhine are defeated or gained over, an empire of the Gauls is constructed in haste: but soon Gaul perceives that it is already at bottom entirely Roman, and that a return to the ancient order of things is no longer either desirable for its happiness, or even possible; it resigns itself therefore to its irrevocable destiny, and reunites without a murmur into the community of the Roman empire."

Here indeed is a noble field for history—many such exist not in the world; it joins the colours of romance to the truth of narrative—it embraces within its range all countries, from the snow-clad mountains of the north to the waterless deserts of the south.

When the first light of history dawns upon the Gallie race, we find them settled in that territory which is bounded by the Rhine, the Alps, the Mediterranean, the Pyrenees, and the ocean, and in the British isles. There they lived, leading a pastoral life, wandering about from place to place, and ready to descend with their flocks and herds wherever cupidity might lead, or fancy direct them. They first turned their footsteps towards Spain; tribe after tribe crossed the Pyrenees, and either expelled or amalgamated with the aboriginal inhabitants. Their efforts were principally directed towards the centre and west; in consequence of which, the native Spaniards, displaced and driven back upon the Mediterranean coast, soon opened a way for themselves across the eastern passes of the mountain, and traversing the shores of southern Gaul, entered Italy. There they took the name of the Ligures, and established themselves along the whole line of sea-coast from the Pyrenees to the mouth of the Arno. The road to Italy being thus laid bare by the Spaniards, the Gauls soon followed on their footsteps, and, crossing the Alps, poured down into the fertile and vine-clad hills of the smiling south: but they were encountered and overcome by the Etruscans. Internal convulsions in the centre of Gaul, however, hurled new hordes across the Alps. The Kimry, from the *Palus Mosotis*, entered the north-eastern portion of Gaul, and expelled from their territory many of the tribes who were settled there: these, uniting in large hordes, precipitated themselves upon Italy. The Kimry, too, joined in the incursion; race followed race, and the whole of northern Italy was soon peopled by the Gaulish race, who long threatened the nations of the south with entire subjugation and destruction. The empire of the Gauls in Italy, known by the name of Cisalpine Gaul, was productive of the greatest calamities to that unhappy country; every year there issued forth from it bands of adventurers, who wasted the fields and stormed the cities of Etruria, of Campania, and of Magna Græcia. But an expedition on a larger scale was at last undertaken. Pressed by the increasing population in their rear, a large band determined to abandon their present homes, and seek new conquests, and acquire new booty. They first directed their march to Clusium; but soon the torrent rolled with resistless force upon the walls of Rome. Defeated at the *Allia*, the Romans abandoned their city, leaving, however, a garrison in the Capitol; this garrison reduced to the last extremities by famine, was obliged to capitulate, and to purchase the departure of their foes by an enormous ransom. The Gauls, crowned with success and loaded with plunder, departed; and the Romans, taking courage at their retreat, harassed their rear and cut off their supplies.

Such is the truth regarding this famous invasion, which has been the subject of a falsification probably without a parallel in the annals of history; by its defeat was transformed into victory, and the day when Rome suffered her greatest humiliation by the ransom of her capital, was turned into almost the most famous day of her existence, when her most successful enemy was humbled to the dust. In the pages of a Greek historian the truth has been preserved; while the annals of the state are filled with a very different tale, embellished with all the eloquence and genius of the national historian. Such a sacrifice of historical veracity, in order to appease the insatiable cravings of national vanity, naturally casts a shade of doubt and suspicion on all the early records of her victories and triumphs. Freed from her enemies, Rome revived and emerged unconquered from the strife; she had been forced to bend before misfortune, but she was not broken by adversity: a new city sprang up on the ruins of the old, and the legions once more issued from the ramparts to carry her victorious banners to the capitals of a conquered world. We have not space to trace the various fortunes of Cisalpine Gaul during the early struggles which it carried on with the now increasing power of Rome. Suffice it to say that when the Latins united in a league against her, the Cisalpines joined them; an engagement took place at Sentinum, where victory crowned the efforts of the Romans; but though defeated, the Gauls maintained their high character for valour during that fatal day. This success was followed up by a vigorous attack on the powerful Gaulish tribe of the Senones, who were almost exterminated, and on their territory was established a Roman colony: this was the first permanent settlement made by that people amongst the Gaulish tribe of Italy.

We must refer the reader to M. Thierry's work for the account of the causes which led the Gauls and Kimry to press upon, and finally invade northern Greece, and the relation of the defeat of the first attack under the *Brenn*. We shall dwell somewhat longer on their second invasion, which forms one of the most interesting episodes of their history:—

"In the year 280 a.c., the Gauls, under a celebrated chief whose title was the *Brenn*, prepared to invade Greece. Their army, composed of various tribes of Gauls and Kimry, amounted to 152,000 infantry and 61,000 cavalry. When this immense array reached the frontiers of Macedonia, a division broke out amongst their chiefs, and 20,000 men, detaching themselves from the main army, advanced into Thrace. The remainder, under the *Brenn*, precipitated themselves on Macedonia, routed the army which endeavoured to arrest their progress, and forced the remnant of the regular forces who survived, to take refuge in the fortified cities. During six months they ravaged with fire and sword the open country, and destroyed the unfortified towns of Macedonia and Thessaly. At the approach of winter, the *Brenn* collected his forces and established his camp in Thessaly, at a position near Mount Olympus. Thessaly is separated from Epirus and Ætolia by the chain of Pindus; and on the south, the almost impenetrable range of Mount *Œta* divides it from the provinces of Hellas. The only pass by which an army can march into Greece is that of Thermopylae, which is a long narrow defile, overhung on the right by the rocks of Mount *Œta*, and flanked on the left by impassable morasses, which finally lose themselves in the waters of the gulf of *Mulia*. A few narrow and difficult tracks traverse the ridge of *Œta*; but these, though passable to a small body of infantry, present insurmountable obstacles to the advance of an army. To the pass of Thermopylae, in the spring of the year 280 a.c., the *Brenn* directed

his march. Aware of its vital importance, the Athenians, Boeotians, Locrians, Phocians, and Megarians, who had formed a league against the northern invaders, collected a force of about 26,000 men, who, under the orders of Calippus, advanced to and occupied the strait; whilst 305 Athenian galleys, anchored in the bay of Muliæ, were ready to operate upon the flank of the enemy. In his approach to this position, the Brenn had to pass the river Sperchius, to defend which Calippus had detached a small force: the Brenn, by a stratagem, directed their attention from the real point of attack, and crossed the river without loss. He then advanced to Heraclea, and laid waste the surrounding country. The day after his arrival at this place, he marched upon Thermopylæ. Hardly had the Gauls begun to involve themselves in the pass, when they were encountered by the Greeks in its classic defile. With loud cries, and in one enormous mass, the Gauls rushed impetuously on; in silence, and in perfect order, the Greeks advanced to the charge. The phalanx of the south proved impenetrable to the sabre of the north; the pass was soon covered with their dead bodies; the Gallic standards were unable to advance. Meanwhile the Athenian galleys, forcing their way through the marshes, poured in an incessant volley of arrows and darts on the long and unprotected flank of the invaders. Unable to withstand this double attack, the Gauls were forced to retreat. This they did in the utmost confusion; large numbers perished, trodden to death by their companions—still more were drowned in the morasses. Seven days after this severe check, a small party having attempted to cross Mount Cita, they were attacked when involved in a narrow and difficult pass, and cut to pieces. To raise the drooping spirits of his men, and to separate the forces of his adversaries, the Brenn detached a corps of 40,000 men, under the command of Comlutis, with orders for their way into Ætolia. This diversion proved eminently successful. Comlutis, finding the passes of Mount Pindus unguarded, traversed that range, and entered Ætolia, the whole of which he laid waste with fire and sword without opposition, as the whole military force of that country had marched to the defence of Thermopylæ. On hearing of this invasion, the Ætolians immediately separated from the allied army, and hastened to the defence of their country. On their approach Comlutis retreated; but whilst involved in the mountain passes, his rear was overtaken by the regulars, and his flanks were assailed by the enraged peasantry; so severe was his loss, that hardly one-half of his force rallied at the camp of Heraclea. The day after the departure of the Ætolians, the Brenn led on the main body of his troops to attack the pass of Thermopylæ; whilst a strong detachment received orders to force one of the mountain paths, the knowledge of which had been betrayed to him by the inhabitants; being guided by one of whom, and their movements being concealed from view by a thick mist, which enveloped them, this detachment succeeded in surprising the troops who were entrusted with its defence, and, moving rapidly on, they fell on the rear of the main body of the allies who were engaged at Thermopylæ. Assaulted both in front and rear, the Greeks would have been totally destroyed, had it not been for the presence of the Athenian fleet, who afforded a safe refuge to their shattered ranks. Freed from the presence of his opponents, the Brenn immediately pushed on to Elatia, at the head of 65,000 men, from whence he directed his march on Delphi. The town of Delphi was built on the slope of one of the peaks of Parnassus, in the midst of a natural excavation, and being almost entirely surrounded with precipices, it was left unprotected by any artificial fortifications: above the town, on the north, was situated the magnificent temple of Apollo, filled with native offerings of the Greeks. The possession of this treasure was the main object of the Brenn. The Gaulish army, on their arrival before Delphi, dispersed over, and pillaged the surrounding country for the remainder of the day; thus losing the most favourable opportunity of assaulting the town.

The denouement of the tragedy we shall give in Thierry's own words:—

"During the night, Delphi received from all sides, by the mountain paths, numerous reinforcements from the neighbouring people. There arrived successively 1200 well-armed Ætolians, 400 heavy-armed men from Amphiassa, and a detachment of Phocians, who, with the citizens of Delphi, formed a body of 4000 men. At the same time, they learned that the brave Ætolian army, after having defeated Comlutis, had retaken the road to Elatia, and, increased by bands of the Phocians and Boeotians, laboured to prevent the junction of the Gaulish army of Heraclea with the division which besieged Delphi.

"During the same night, the camp of the Gauls was the theatre of the greatest debauchery; and when day dawned, the greater portion of them were still intoxicated: nevertheless, it was necessary to make the assault without loss of time, for the Brenn already perceived how much the delay of a few hours had cost him. He drew out his troops then in battle array, enumerating to them anew all the treasures which they had before their eyes, and those which awaited them in the temple: he then gave the signal for the escalade. The attack was vigorous, and was sustained by the Greeks with firmness. From the summit of the narrow and steep slope by which the assailants had to ascend in order to approach the town, the besieged poured down a multitude of arrows and stones, not one of which fell harmless. Several times the Gauls covered the ascent with their dead; but every time they returned to the charge with courage, and at last forced the passage. The besieged, obliged to beat a retreat, withdrew to the nearest streets of the town, leaving the approach which conducted to the temple free: the Gaulish race rushed on: soon the whole multitude was occupied in pillaging the oratories which adjoined the temple, and, in fine, the temple itself.

"It was then autumn, and during the combat one of those sudden storms so frequent in the lofty chains of Hællas had gathered: suddenly it burst, discharging on the mountain torrents of rain and hail. The priests attached to the temple of Apollo, seized upon an incident so fitted to strike the superstitious spirit of the Greeks. With haggard eyes, with disheveled locks, with frenzied minds, they spread out through the town, and through the ranks of the army, crying that the god had arrived. 'He is here!' said they; 'we have seen him pass across the vault of the temple, which is cloven beneath his feet; two armed virgins, Minerva and Diana, accompany him. We have heard the whistling of their bows, and the clang of their lances. Hasten, O Greeks! upon the steps of your Gods, if you wish to partake of their victory!' That spectacle, those exhortations pronounced amidst the rolling of the thunder, and by the glare of the lightning, filled the Hellenes with a supernatural enthusiasm; they reformed in battle array, and precipitated themselves sword in hand upon the enemy. The same circumstances operated not less strongly, but in a contrary way, upon the victorious bands; the Gauls believed that they recognised the power of a divinity, but of an enraged divinity. The thunderbolts had frequently struck their battalions, and its reports, repeated by the echoes, produced around them such a reverberation, that they no longer heard the commands of their chiefs. Those who penetrated into the interior of the temple, had felt the pavement tremble under their steps; they had been seized by a thick and mephitic vapour, which overpowered them, and threw them into a violent delirium. The historians relate, that amidst this tumult they beheld

three warriors of a sinister aspect, of more than human stature, covered with old armour, and who slaughtered the Gauls with their lances, appear. The Delphians recognised, say they, the shades of three heroes, Hyperochus and Zorodocus, whose tombs adjoined the temple, and Pyrrhus the son of Achilles. As to the Gauls, a wild panic hurried them in disorder to their camp, which they attained only with great difficulty, overwhelmed by the arrows of the Greeks, and by the fall of enormous rocks, which rolled over upon them from the summit of Parnassus. In the ranks of the besiegers, the loss was doubtless considerable.

"To that disastrous day succeeded, for the Kimry-Gauls, a night not less terrible: the cold was excessive, and snow fell in abundance; besides, fragments of rock falling incessantly in their camp, which was situated too near the mountain, crushed the soldiers not by one or two at a time, but by bodies of thirty and forty, as often as they assembled to maintain guard or to seek repose. The sun no sooner rose, than the Greeks who were within the town made a vigorous sally, whilst those who were in the country fell upon the rear of the enemy. At the same time, the Phocians, crossing the snow by paths known but to themselves, took them in flank, and assailed them with arrows and stones, without exposing themselves to the slightest danger. Hemmed in on all sides, discouraged, and, moreover, extremely incommoded by the cold, which had cut off many of their number during the night, the Gauls began to yield. They were sustained for some time by the intrepidity of the chosen band who combated around the Brenn, and acted as his guard. The strength, the stature, the courage of that guard, struck the Greeks with astonishment. In the end, the Brenn having been dangerously wounded, those brave men dreamed only of making a rampart of their bodies for him, and of carrying him from the field. The chiefs then gave the signal of retreat, and to prevent the wounded from falling into the hands of the enemy, they caused those who were not in a condition to follow, to be put to death. The army halted when the night overtook it.

"The first watch of that second night had hardly commenced, when the soldiers who were on guard imagined that they heard the tumult of a night march, and the distant tramp of horses. The darkness, already profound, did not permit them to discover their mistake; they gave the alarm, and cried out that they were surprised—that the enemy was upon them. The famine, the dangers, and the extraordinary occurrences which had befallen them during the last two days, had much shattered all their imaginations. At that cry, 'The enemy is at hand!' the Gauls, suddenly aroused, seized their arms, and believing the camp already entered, they threw themselves upon, and mutually slaughtered, each other. Their consternation was so great, that they believed that each word which struck their ears was uttered in Greek; as if they had forgotten their own proper tongue. Besides, the darkness of the night did not permit them either to recognise each other, or to distinguish the shape of their bucklers. Day put an end to that frightful *mêlée*; but during the night the Phocian shepherds, who remained in the fields to watch their flocks, ran to inform the Greeks of the disorder which was evident in the Gaulish camp. They attributed so unexpected an event to the intervention of the god Pan, from whom, according to the religious faith of the Greeks, alarms without any real cause proceeded: full of ardour and of confidence, they attacked the rearguard of the enemy. The Gauls had already resumed their march, but with languor, as men discouraged, worn out by diseases, famine, and fatigue. On their line of march the population carried off the cattle and provisions, so that they could not procure any subsistence without the utmost difficulty, and at the point of the sword. The historians reckon at 10,000 the number of those who sank under these misfortunes; the cold and the nocturnal combat had cut off as many more, and 6000 had perished at the assault of Delphi: there remained then to the Brenn no more than 35,000 men when he rejoined the main body of his army, in the plains watered by the Cephissus, on the day after his departure from Thermopylæ.

The Brenn, overwhelmed with grief at his misfortune, no sooner saw his army free from immediate danger than he put himself to death. His successor, following his dying advice, slaughtered 10,000 of the wounded, and continued his retreat:—

"As he approached Thermopylæ, the Greeks, issuing forth from an ambuscade, threw themselves on his rearguard, which they cut to pieces. It was in this miserable state that the Gauls gained the camp of Heraclea. They remained there for a few days before setting out on their northward route. All the bridges of the Sperchius had been broken down, and the left bank of the river was occupied by the Thessalians, who had collected *en masse*; nevertheless, the Gaulish army forced a passage. It was in the midst of a population all armed, and thirsting for vengeance, that they traversed, from one extremity to the other, Thessaly and Macedonia, exposed to perils, to sufferings, to privations, daily increasing, combating without intermission during the day, and at night having no other shelter than a cold and watery sky. They gained at last the northern frontier of Macedonia. There the distribution of the body took place: afterwards the Kimry-Gauls divided into many bands; some returned to their country, others sought in different directions new food for their turbulent activity.

A band of Tectosages joined to the Tolistobœes, and a horde of Gauls united, and traversing Thrace with fire and sword, passed over into Asia Minor. They found it distracted by the quarrels of Alexander's successors. Summoned in an evil hour by Nicomedes to aid him and the Greek states of Asia Minor in their struggle against the Seleucidae, they soon established him on the throne of Bithynia. But they now turned their victorious arms against the nations of that unhappy country. Their armies, increased by reinforcements drawn from Thrace, had divided themselves into three hordes: the Tectosages, the Tolistobœes, and the Trocmes. To avoid dispute, they distributed the whole of Asia Minor into three parts: of these the Trocmes possessed the Hellespont and Troas; the Tolistobœes, Æolia and Ionia; the Tectosages, the coast of the Mediterranean from the west of Mount Taurus. They now overran and subdued all Asia Minor; every country, every town, was obliged to pay them tribute; or soon the fertile land was reduced to an arid desert, watered only by the blood of its inhabitants, and the costly city, stormed by the fierce warriors of the north, became a heap of smoking ruins. At last the Tectosages came in contact with Antiochus, king of Syria, and were totally defeated at the battle of the Taurus; the Syrian king, following up his victory, compelled them to resign their conquests, and to establish themselves on the banks of the Halys, near the town of Ancyra, in Upper Phrygia, where they dwell, too weak again to enter on the career of conquest. Internal war prevented the Asiatics for some time from pursuing their successes, and the Trocmes and Tolistobœes continued still to pillage and oppress all the maritime provinces. Nay, their power was actually increased by those wars, as each of the contending parties purchased the mercenary services of large bands of those brave, though turbulent warriors. But the end of the Gaulish rule in Asia Minor was at hand.

The small state of Pergamus, under the able rule of Eumenes, emerged from its obscurity, and inflicted a severe wound upon the Gauls by the defeat of Antiochus, king of Syria, with whom a great number of them served as mercenaries. His son Attalus, on his accession to the throne, immediately marched against and defeated the Tolistoboiæ. Ionia, which had long groaned under their oppression, seizing the opportunity, rose up against them; the Tolistoboiæ, beaten in several engagements, were driven beyond Mount Taurus; and the Troemes, after a vain attempt to maintain themselves in Troas, were forced to retreat and unite with their defeated countrymen. Attacked now by the whole population of Asia Minor, the two hordes were driven by degrees into Upper Phrygia, where the Tectosages had formerly settled. Here the three hordes united, and here they founded the empire of Galatia.

"Thus ended in Asia Minor the dominion of this people in their character of nomad conquerors; another period of existence now commenced for them. Abandoning their wandering life, they mixed with the indigenous population, who were themselves a mixture of Greek colonists and Asiatics. That blending together of three races, unequal in power and in civilization, produced a mixed nation, that of the Gallo-Greeks, whose civil, political, and religious institutions, carry the tripple stamp of Gaulish, Greek, and Phrygian manners. The regular influence which the Gauls are destined to act in Asia Minor, as an Asiatic power, will prove not to be inferior to that of which they have been deprived; and we shall see them defend, almost to the last, the liberty of the East against the Roman arms."—[Conclusion next week.]

THE NEVILLES OF GARRETSTOWN—A TALE OF 1760.

BY HARRY LORREQUER, AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.—THE CAPTAIN AT SEA.

A brilliant morning sun was shining over the waters of Bantry Bay, and gilding the tall mountains that protect it, revealing green islands dispersed over the expanse below, and gleaming upon sundry lakes, high-set as gems in the surrounding hills. Transparent mist, here and there, hung upon the mountain side, but the glad waters moved in light, or, where the sheltering hills protected them, spread as a placid mirror, in which naked cliff and grove, attired in the rich foliage of autumn, were beautifully reflected. Seldom had a fair morning dawned on a fairer scene.

Such might well have been the thought of a solitary wayfarer, who stood on an eminence commanding an ample prospect of this goodly scene—and yet, its beauty did not seem to engage his admiration or attention. His glances were seaward, and became those of one who was searching, rather than admiring. Occasionally, when a sail appeared in sight, he applied a glass to his eye, but seemed to say to himself, as he withdrew it, "not that." At last he hastily closed the glass, and blew a loud shrill whistle. He was answered from below, and a boat well manned issued forth from a little creek, where it had been lying for concealment, or shelter. He tarried no longer on the cliff, but hastening to the beach, down the precipitate, although winding path, took his place in the boat, and commanded to row for a vessel now at no great distance in the offing. It was soon neared, and at a signal, recognized by an officer on the deck, the ship's crew were piped together to receive their captain.

Officers and men, after saluting, fell back, and left their commander in conversation with the second in command. It was carried on in the French language. The Captain's first question received an affirmative reply. "All was on board, delivered by the *Arethusa*."

"So far, well. I will have the papers sent to my cabin."

The apartment to which the Captain retired was more commodious, and far better furnished than might have been looked for at the time. Its ornaments were appropriate—charts, mathematical and nautical instruments, even books were not omitted—books of general literature and science, as well as those more especially belonging to the naval profession. It is gratifying to think, that much intellectual wealth may be stored in a small compass. In this particular, books may be said to have only the privilege of a paper currency; but they differ in a particular of great moment: they are not mere arbitrary representatives of value, but signs, which, wherever they are understood, bestow the treasures they signify.

The master of this apartment had the air and countenance of one who could value and improve the treasures in his keeping—of one formed for action, and not estranged from habits of thought. He was of no more than a middling stature, but a vigorous muscular development promised a more than ordinary strength and activity—and in his air and gestures, there was a decision and command which no advantage of stature could bestow. There was no clue to his age. The thoughtfulness of his countenance might gather on a brow of eight-and-twenty, during the changes and chances of an adventurous life; a vigorous constitution, and a mind not over sensitive to care or distress, might have preserved a face as youthful, even to forty. The features were graceful—the colour, that which exposure to the air induces on a hue originally soft and fresh. His clustering hair was of a palish brown, but there was a martial character in his full and fiery eye—and an energy in the lower part of his face, such as could well dispense with the air which sable brows and curls are ordinarily supposed to render.

The Captain was speedily immersed in business—inspecting accounts, reading communications addressed to him, and occasionally questioning the lieutenant, whom he motioned to be seated at the opposite side of the table.

"Has the biscuit been carefully examined?"

"Yes, sir—every bag—all sound."

"And the gunpowder, from what house has it been supplied?"

"All could not be furnished by Edmonds from his own store; but he has pledged himself that all is equal to the sample."

"What description of wild geese have we?"—This was the name assigned to persons clandestinely enlisted in Ireland for the French service.

"Wild enough, sir. A more uncouth flock you could not desire; but they are all sound and strong. Two poor wretches were condemned by the surgeon. How they did pray and implore. I never witnessed such clamorous vexation. But your orders were peremptory. I gave strong charge to the mate to look to them, as he returned. Still it is a doubt with me, if they have not gone down and chosen for themselves a death by water, as the best alternative at their command."

"No, *Le Fèvre*. You do not know the Irish character. Suicide will never be naturalized in such a soil. As to the numbers, how are they? How many from O'Sullivan?"

The Lieutenant looked at his roll. "Fourteen, sir."

"From O'Kelly?"

"Seven."

"Has Brown sent in his quota?"

"All but two—the two we rejected."

"You have a prisoner on board. I am to have him placed in honourable confinement. A person of condition, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, evidently."

"There should be a Mr. Farrell in charge of the recruits, do they seem to respect him?"

"No such person has arrived. The party appear to be without commander of any description."

"This is somewhat strange. Farrell was to have had speedy promotion. I hope there's no treachery in the affair; but why should I fear? Habits like poor Farrell's are quite enough to account for his absence. The charge for beef is more than I had looked for."

"It is high, sir, but it is of the best quality—and Messrs. Blake and Kelly ascribe the advance of price to a great mortality among cattle."

After some further conversation, or questioning of this description, the Captain, saying he would, as usual, inspect the ship and stores, withdrew, and attired himself in uniform. He speedily re-appeared, and, attended by the Lieutenant, proceeded on his inspection.

"And now," said the Captain, "duty to the ship discharged, the duty of courtesy has its place. Let us visit your prisoner."

A mutual surprise was prepared for prisoner and Captain, in their mutual recognition. The prisoner was Carleton—the Captain was the gentleman with whom he had made acquaintance on the eventful day of the funeral. An acquaintance thus made, soon ripened into intimacy. Carleton did not hold it wise to lay aside his *incognito*, or disclose his one great secret; but on all other subjects of his life and experience, he was frank and unreserved. The Captain was no less communicative than the prisoner, in whose favour he was prepossessed by the remembrance of their first meeting. He had not been able to solve the enigma of the occurrences in the churchyard—had, indeed, paid little attention to them; and, in the multiplicity of his occupations, suffered them to fade from his memory. But, all that passed on the day when he first met Carleton disposed him to think well of him—and in the tedium of a sea voyage, in which there was little of storm or adventure, he felt in the society of his prisoner an agreeable interest or distraction. One bright evening, as the two friends sat after dinner, when the other guests had withdrawn, the Captain was more than usually confidential, and the conversation ran somewhat in this fashion:—

"You were not prepared to find me a Frenchman; neither my name nor, I hope, my accent, would have told you of my birth-place; and yet they would not be far wrong in telling of my origin. The fact is, I have three names, and at least three languages; so, as Charles the Fifth said, I may consider myself three gentlemen in one—Irish, English, and French. In three provinces of Ireland I speak Celtic, and my name is Farrell—French Farrell they do me the honour to say, in contradistinction to a certain 'buck,' as he is titled, who bears the same name, and to whom I should have had the honour of doing the hospitalities of my boat, had he kept true to his engagement. In Paris, and sometimes in London, I am Mr. De Tallard, and lead a life at least as different from my Irish life as the names I go by. Here, on my own deck, under my own colours, and in many a place where my flag is known, I am *Thurot*—Mons. Le Capitaine *Thurot*, at your service. The oddity of the thing is, that I have somewhat of a right to each of my names; possibly this may be one of the reasons why I am unwilling to dishonour them. Come, good friend, why should there not be a Captain's story, as well as that of a *Galerion*?—the one has a more honourable slavery, perhaps, than the other. Here, *Petit Jean*, some burgundy; I must keep you in good humour, Carleton, while I relate the history of my three denominations."

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

"My grandfather—I am bound to tell you I had a grandfather, not for the pride of the thing, but because it had an effect on my fortunes—my grandfather was an Irishman, and an O'Farrell. He was one of those who survived the siege of Limerick, and when the cause of Ireland fell with that well-defended place, one of those who left their country rather than bear the thought of seeing it humbled and prostrate."

"My grandfather was a handsome man, and he was a Colonel; so in the days of *Le Grand Monarque* and the nights of the Regency, there was no want of distractions and consolations for his wounded patriotism. He was not, it would appear, the man to refuse them. It is not his history or romance, however, I am reciting, but that of a much humbler individual. To put myself beyond the temptation of weaving an ancestral epic, I shall cut my subject short, and tell you that my grandfather married. The lady was young; the Colonel waited till he was rather mature before he determined on leading *Mademoiselle Thurot* (here you hear my name number one) to the hymeneal altar."

"For some time all went well. As to my grandfater's age, it would never have given his pleasant little wife an uncomfortable thought;—but, there were other matters that touched close upon her life. She loved balls, fêtes, the theatre, costume—in short she adored *la société*. So my poor ancestor found that, as the poet says, "marriage was chargeable," and he discovered this precisely about the time that the state made the same discovery respecting the Irish regiments. The coincidence was embarrassing. Help yourself"—and the Captain and his guest touched their glasses, and pledged each other. "Madame found the case no less uncomfortable than my grandfather. Then came in parents, uncles, and aunts, 'with all their trumpery'; in short, there was a species of separation—the lady returned to her friends, bearing with her the one pledge of conjugal felicity—resumed her ancient name, *Thurot*; merely substituting for *Mademoiselle*, the title that gave more freedom and dignity, and asserting the privilege given to her, not by law, but fortune—that of instituting her son at once in the mother tongue, and his mother's name. Reports went first that the separation was of the most amiable and convenient description—one that gave new charms as well as a new title, to the sorrowing widow. She was not disposed, however, or even at liberty, to accept the offered consolations. Monsieur le Colonel, my grandfather, kind and indulgent as he was, would not carry the spirit of accommodation far enough to die in his wife's favour, so he merely let the report of his death pass without contradiction; contented as long as it did not interfere with his military position, and his receipt of the pay or pension which was pretty regularly paid him. My father grew up, as might be expected, thoroughly French in name, and language, and habits. In due time he too became a married man, and I was the offspring of the union."

"It would appear that though pay was not distributed to the Irish regiments sufficient in amount and regularity to satisfy my grandame's tastes and humors, it was doled out liberally enough to prove ample for one whose habits were so retired as those of her husband, when it pleased her to forsake him. In process of time this proved an advantage to both; it enabled the invalided Colonel to offer very acceptable presents to the yet charming dame, and it permitted her to make an appearance by no means discreditable to the wife metamorphosed,

as she was, into a good, kind friend. She reided with her relations in the town of Boulogne-sur-mer; and the old gentleman also, after a lapse of some years, pitched his tent there, less, I am persuaded, from the attraction of his wife's society, than to be so much nearer Ireland than Paris was, and to have the feeling that ocean only interposed between his place of exile and his country.

"As an invalid—a Colonel '*en retraite*'—this stately old gentleman was scarcely less in favour than in the days of his youth. He found many acquaintances, and made many friends among the gentry of that happy little town. He was never able to win the love or friendship of my mother; and this I have heard assigned as the reason why he devised the scheme to which I owe my name the second. On the day when I was brought to the church to be christened, my grandfather, who had taken care to note the time and hour, arranged a hazard in concert with a lady of much consideration, that she should find herself at the baptistery of the cathedral in the moment when I was presented there. According to the amiable custom of the place and church, she offered herself as my sponsor; and she was faithful to her promises; long as I needed such favour, and long as Madame Tallard lived, she was my bountiful and kind protectress."

There was a brief pause.

"Fill your glass, Carleton," said the Captain, "my thoughts are a little wandering.—Perhaps I should have been equally French with my father, had his father's influence and authority not become very much greater than they were when he was yet in infancy. He was an awful man on the ramparts of an afternoon when I was taken to toddle about there;—his martial dress, his air of authority, and the deference of the old militiares,—officers and soldiers, drawn by duty or pleasure, to that most pleasant lounge—once an impregnable defence. If his seductions had no effect on my mother, they were all-powerful with me. I feasted on his sweetmeats—I rode on his cane—I listened to his stories with delight—and, when of age to be trusted with it, I played with his sword."

"Before I could understand the nature of my loss, both my parents died, before I had occasion to mourn their loss. I hope there is some excuse for me; for I certainly had little love for either parent, and I certainly can remember nothing in them, or belonging to them which can now awaken a thought of affectionate sorrow. My hope that I am not altogether unnatural, rests on my memories of Madame Tallard and my noble old grandfather."

"Well, I was saying, or about to say, that before I could feel the loss of parents, I was saved from the consequences of such a calamity; my good god-mother became father and mother to me—took care of me, as if I had been her own child; giving me all the advantages attainable of home and education. I had the more enjoyment in being domesticated in Madame de Tallard's house, that my grandfather was a very frequent visitant in it. His kindness won upon me more and more, and his stories acquired a livelier influence over me. They were generally, indeed almost always, of Ireland, or of the brave fellows who had become exiles of honour from it. I cannot describe to you my ardent longing to visit the country he spoke of so affectingly. I can give you, however, proof that my feeling was strong; it was able to stand the test of ridicule;—it became at last too strong for me. I had an uncle—my father's half brother—commander of a merchant vessel, who had returned to Boulogne after a long voyage, and stayed there only to refit. As he sat one evening with my grandfather, while I loitered in a corner, my book before me, and my ears open to any thing that told of the land of my fathers, I heard my uncle Thurot speak of his next expedition;—"To Havre-de-grace," said he, "and thence to Ireland." The words were fire in my heart and mind;—"Havre-de-grace and Ireland!"—every thing I looked on seemed to spell the words; there was no music that did not repeat them. Well, when my uncle was a day's sail from Boulogne, on his way to Havre, he found a passenger more than he reckoned for. There was now no resource, so with him I went; I saw Ireland—I was then about twelve years of age—I saw Ireland, and its wretchedness did not disenchant me. I returned with my uncle to Boulogne again. My poor grandfather had suffered sadly; he thought himself to blame for the freaks of a madness he had encouraged. However, all grew calm;—my protectress—my grandfather—my way of life was changed; the sea was to be my element. They resigned me to a fate which, however, they improved to the utmost of their power; and so, you may be sure, that through all my vicissitudes since, I have never felt spite or unthankfulness towards my early friends. I have been in shipwrecks and prisons—conqueror and vanquished—smuggler—privateer—conspirator—but I never have regretted the day when I gave up fair prospects for such as were then very cloudy. I am now Captain Thurot; of some reputation and command; and I have a strong, and not an ill-founded hope, that I shall do to that name some honour such as may win for me the power to resume the name of my Hibernian fathers."

THE LIFE OF A DIPLOMATIST.

(Concluded.)

The court of Frederick would form a singular contrast to what is called the British Household, composed of the great officers of state. "You are not ignorant," says Harris, writing to William Eden, "that the great officers of the court are merely titular, and never allowed to have any authority annexed to their office. This is given to some menial servants, who are constantly about the king's person, and his treasurer was a Russian named Deiss, in whom his Majesty placed more confidence than he appears to have deserved; since for mal-administration, or some equally notorious fault, his majesty, a few days ago, dismissed him from his high post, and ordered him to be employed as a drummer in a marching regiment. Deiss affected to submit patiently to his sentence, and, on being arrested, begged leave of the officer only to go into his room, adjoining the king's writing-closet, to fetch his hat. This being granted, he immediately locked the door, took a pistol from his pocket, and shot himself through the head. The king heard and was alarmed by the report of a pistol so near him, and being told what had happened, he pitied Deiss, said that he was out of his senses, and ordered all that he died worth to be distributed equally among his children. Deiss had charged the pistol with small-shot and crooked nails, and put the muzzle of it into his mouth."

A striking anecdote is given of General Seidlitz, the officer who formed the Prussian cavalry. When only a lieutenant, he happened to be near the king on a bridge which crossed the Oder. The king asked him, "if both the avenues of the bridge were possessed by the enemy, what he would do to disengage himself?" Seidlitz, without making an answer, immediately leaped his horse over the rails into the river, and notwithstanding its breadth and rapidity, swam safe ashore. The king, who took it for granted that he must be drowned, on seeing him come towards him, said in French, "Major, I beg of you not to run such hazards in future."

Despotic power has certainly great advantages, in its rapid administration of

justice, and sometimes in its reaching offences which would altogether baffle trial by jury. Frederick was ridiculously fond of exhibiting his musical attainments; and among the other preparatives for the reception of the Russian Grand Duke (afterwards the Emperor Paul) at Berlin, was a piece of music composed by the king. The husband of the first singer at the opera, the well-known Madame Mara, was imprudent enough to observe on this performance, that "the composer knew more about soldiers than music." The king ordered him to be instantly made over to the *corps-de-garde*, with orders to punish him, enough to make him more cautious of criticism in future. The soldiers accordingly, as there happened to be no punishment in the military regulations for impertinent remarks on royal amateurs, took the affair into their own hands. They began by dressing him in a uniform, covering his face with a huge pair of whiskers, and loading him with the heaviest firelock which they could find, they then made him perform the manual exercise for two hours—accompanying the lesson with all the usual discipline of the cane—then ordered him to dance and sing, finishing their discipline by making the surgeon take from him a large quantity of blood, obviously to reduce the heat of temper which had given rise to such impertinence. After this lesson he was sent back to his wife. Severe as it may have appeared, Harris regarded it as earned by many previous impertinences of the same kind, but of which it may fairly be presumed this was the last.

At last the Grand Duke arrived, and was received with the most unusual pomp and ceremony by the Prussian court. By some curious instance of choice, Sunday is selected on the Continent as the day for everything in the shape of show. The Russian prince made his public entry into Berlin on Sunday, and was met by the trading companies in uniform, by escorts of cavalry, and the equipages of the king and royal family. In the evening, after a sumptuous dinner, there was a concert and ball. The rest of the week was similarly occupied. The Grand Duke had come to demand the Princess of Wirtemberg in marriage. When we recollect the fate of this unhappy monarch, murdered on the Russian throne, and contrast it with the brilliancy of his early reception in the world, and his actual powers when master of the diadem, a deeper lesson of the instability of human fortune has seldom been given to man.

A laughable anecdote of Russian and Prussian discipline is told. All the domestics belonging to the Imperial family of Russia have military rank; the Grand Duke's coachman and the King's going one evening to drink together, a dispute arose about precedence. "What is your rank?" said the Prussian. "A lieutenant-colonel," said the other. "Ay, but I am a colonel," said the German, and walked first into the ale-house. This came to the King's ears. The colonel was sent for three days to prison, and received fifty blows of the cane.

The ambassador now obtained a new instance of the favour of his court. He was recalled from Prussia in 1766, and shortly after was appointed to the most important of our embassies at that period, the embassy to Russia.

The politics of England at this period bore an appearance of perplexity, which evidently alarmed her cabinet, and which as evidently excited the hopes of her enemies. At this period she had two enemies in Europe, hostile to everything except to the extent of open war—France, always jealous and irreconcilable; and Prussia, which, from her dread of England's interference in her Polish usurpations, pretended to believe that England was conspiring with Austria against the safety of her dominions. The feebleness with which the American war was carried on, had deceived Europe into the belief that the power of England was really on the point of decay. Foreigners are never capable of appreciating the reality of English power. In the first place, because they prefer the romantic to the real; and in the next, because, living under despotisms, they have never seen, nor can comprehend, the effect of liberty upon national resources. Thus, when they see a nation unwilling to go to war—or, what is the next thing to reluctance, waging it tardily—they imagine that this tardiness has its origin in national weakness, and it is not until the palpable necessity of self-defence calls out the whole energy of the people, that the foreigner ever sees the genuine strength of England. The capture of two small armies in America, neither of them more numerous than the advanced guard of a continental army, had given the impression that the military strength of England was gone for ever. Thus the European courts thought themselves entitled to insult her; and thus so diminutive a power as Prussia, however guided by an able and politic prince, was suffered to despise her opinion. But the English ministry themselves of that day palpably shared the general delusion; and, to judge from their diplomatic correspondence, they seemed actually to rely for the safety of England on the aid of the foreign courts. They had yet to learn the lesson, taught them by the Revolutionary war, that England is degraded by dependence of any kind; that she is a match for the world in arms; that the cause of Europe is dependent on her; and that the more boldly, directly, and resolutely she defies France, its allies and slaves, the more secure she is of victory. In the pursuit of this false policy of conciliation and supplication, Harris was sent to Petersburg, to counteract Prussia with the Empress, and to form an offensive and defensive alliance with Catharine. Count Panin was at that time prime minister—a man of the old ministerial school, who regarded diplomacy as the legitimate science of chicanery, was a master of all the littleness of his art, and was wholly under the influence of the King of Prussia. The count was all consent, and yet contrived to keep the ambassador at arm's-length; while the empress, equally crafty, and equally determined not to commit herself, managed him with still greater subtlety.

In speaking of the Empress Catharine, it is impossible to avoid alluding to the scandals of her court. The death of her husband, suspicious as it was, had left her sole mistress of an empire, and of the power of public opinion, in a country where a sneer might send the offender to Siberia. The wretchedly relaxed religion of the Greek church, where a trivial penance atones for everything, and ceremonial takes the place of morals, as it inevitably does wherever a religion is encumbered with unnecessary forms, could be no restraint on the conduct of a daring and imperious woman. By some of that easy casuistry which reconciles the powerful to vice, she had fully convinced herself that she ought, for the sake of her throne, never to submit to matrimonial ties again; and she adopted the notorious and guilty alternative of living with a succession of partners. The ambassador's letters frequently allude to this disgraceful topic, and always with the contempt and reprobation which were so amply its due. "The worst enemies"—such is his expression—"which the Empress has, are flattery and her own passions. She never turns a deaf ear to the first, let it be ever so gross; and her inclination to gratify the latter appears to grow upon her with age."

The policy of Russia had two grand objects, both of them wholly inconsistent with the policy of England; and therefore rendering the ambassador's zeal wholly useless. The King of Prussia favoured both, and therefore commanded the highest influence with the Empress. It was thus the impossible task of the unfortunate diplomatist, to convince a haughty and self-sufficient woman

against her will. Of course failure was the necessary consequence. But in the meantime, dining and dancing, feasting and frivolity, went on with Asiatic splendour. The birth of the Grand Duke's son, "Constantine," (expressly so named with a view to Turkish objects,) gave occasion to fêtes which it tasked the whole power of Russian panegyric to describe. The Empress gave one in the period of the Carnival, ultra-imperially magnificent. The dessert and supper were set out with jewels to the amount of upwards of two millions sterling! and at the tables of macao, the fashionable game, besides the stake in money, a diamond of fifty rubles' value was given by her Majesty to each of those who got *niar*, the highest point of the game. One hundred and fifty diamonds were distributed in this manner.

But a new event occurred to stir the lazy politics of Europe—that act of infinite treachery on the part of the French government—the breach of treaty with England, and the alliance with America. The menaces of war which are held out at this moment by the Jacobin party, and its insolent eagerness to turn every trivial incident into a mortal quarrel, give a new and additional interest to this former act of desperate perfidy. But let it be remembered with what tremendous vengeance that perfidy was punished—that the American alliance was the precursor of the French Republic; and that the long train of hideous calamities which broke down the French throne, banished the nobility, and decimated the population, dates its origin from the day when that fatal treaty was signed. A letter from Sir Gilbert Elliott (afterwards Lord Minto) to the ambassador, (March 20. 1776) thus briefly communicates the intelligence:—"We had just passed the bills for repealing some of the obnoxious American acts, and for enabling the King to appoint his commissioners to treat with America with very large powers, when the report of the French treaty with the colonies became very prevalent, and obtained credit here. Government, however, had certainly obtained no authentic account of it, which is singular enough; and Lord North positively disclaimed all knowledge of it. A loan of six millions was made on very hard terms for the public, much owing to the report of the French treaty; the three per cent. consols being at 66½—monstrously low. The first payment was fixed for Tuesday last. On the Friday before, the Marquis de Noailles delivered a paper to Lord Weymouth, communicating the 'treaty of commerce and alliance' with the colonies, and acknowledging their independency. The manner and style of the communication were inexpressibly insolent, and were no doubt meant as a studied affront and challenge. On Tuesday the two Houses received a message from the King, informing them of the communication from the French ambassador—that he had recalled his ambassador from Versailles; and assuring them that he would exert every means in his power to protect the honour and interest of his kingdom. In answer to which the two Houses voted an address, promising to support him with our lives and fortunes. Opposition, like good patriots, in answer to this message, proposed to address the King to remove his ministers; and C. Fox assured us, 'he thought an invasion a much better thing than the continuance of the present administration.' When this proposal was negatived, they therefore refused their assent to our address. There is no declaration of war yet; but as it is quite certain, and as France will undoubtedly act immediately, I do not see what we gain by delaying it. I hope at least we shall begin taking their ships immediately. The militia is to be called out; credit is dreadfully low—stock was a few days ago at 60. The French are poorer than we—that's something."

Exaggeration is a propensity which seems common to ambassadors. We certainly have never seen an ambassadorial correspondence, in which the most groundless views did not make a large part of its communications. The British diplomatist in Russia was unquestionably a shrewd man, and yet his letters abound in predictions of Russian ruin. His descriptions run in this style:—"Great expenses, and nothing to show for them. The army in a state of decay; the navy incomplete and ill-equipped; the political system languid, and such as, if pursued, must ultimately reduce this immense mass of power to that state of Asiatic insignificance from which it so lately emerged."

And this high-coloured and rash statement, it is to be remembered, was no a page in a popular novel, or in a summer's "Tour," but was given as the deliberate opinion of a statesman conversant in continental politics, and addressed to the government of this country. He seems to have altogether overlooked the boundless territory and growing population of Russia, her forty millions of men—a number already exceeding that of any other kingdom in Europe—the inaccessible nature of her dominions, the implicit and Asiatic devotion of her subjects, the unrivalled vigour of her despotism, and the fact that she had but that moment secured an immense tract of Polish territory, and was stripping the Turks on the other side—that to the north she was touching on the Vistula, and to the south had nearly reached the Danube. The subsequent career of Russia is a still stronger refutation. Every war, instead of shaking her power, has only given it additional strength and stability. Like England, she has gone on with almost involuntary but rapid progress; and the period may arrive when there will be but two nations left in Europe—England the ruler of the seas, and Russia holding the kingdoms of the Continent in vassalage. It is true that the ambassador adverts now and then to the inaccessible nature of the Russian territory, and the success of the national arms; but the former would be but a negative source of power, and the latter he uniformly attributed to good-luck. He ought to have attributed them to the causes which would have produced the same effect in any age of the world—to the mastery of an immense population; to the daring of a head of empire possessed of remarkable ability, and filled with projects of unbounded supremacy; and to the growth of a new generation of soldiers and statesmen, encouraged to the highest exertion of their talents by the most munificent rewards—the policy of the Empress making the evidence of courage and genius in the soldier the only requisite for promotion; and exhibiting the strongest personal interest of the sovereign in the elevation of those able servants of the crown. The consequence was, success in all the enterprise of Catharine, the rapid advance of the nation in European influence, the establishment of an insecure throne on the strongest footing of public security, the popularity of a despotism, the comparative civilization of a people half Asiatic, and who but half a century before had been barbarians, and the personal attachment of the nation to Catharine in a degree scarcely less than adoration. The chief cause of this triumphant state of things, beyond all question, was the high spirit, the generosity, and the affability of the Empress. The unhappy transactions of her private life are matters of painful record; and the letters of the ambassador are full of the reprobation which the memoirs of the time authenticate. But we have no gratification in dwelling on such topics. We infinitely prefer paying the tribute due to great talents splendidly exercised, to the public achievements of a powerful intellect, and to the superiority which this magnificent promoter of the genius of all classes of her people exhibited to all the haughty, exclusive, and selfish sovereigns of her time.

The ambassador now found it necessary to look for support against the Prussian propensities of the minister; and he had recourse to Potemkin and the

Orloffs, as the antagonists of Panin. Potemkin was one of the most extraordinary men whom the especial circumstances of the court and country raised into public distinction. He had been but a cornet of cavalry on the memorable night when Catharine, uncertain whether she was mounting a throne or a scaffold, put herself at the head of the guards, and deposed her husband. As she rode along, observing that she had not a military plume in her hat, she turned to ask for one; the cornet instantly plucked out his own, and presented it to her—as Raleigh threw his cloak on the ground for Elizabeth to walk over. These gallant acts are never lost upon a woman of the superior order of mind. The favor of the throne followed alike in both instances; and Potemkin soon became the guide of the Russian councils. It was the custom of the French memoir writers—a race who always aimed at pungency of narrative in preference to truth, and who, for their generation, performed the part of general libellers—to represent Potemkin as a savage, devoted to drinking, and whose influence was solely the result of his grossness. But the conferences which he held with the British ambassador, and the extracts of his opinions given in these letters, show him to have been a man of remarkable clearness of comprehension, dexterity of resource, and readiness of knowledge. It is obvious that nothing but the exertion of distinguished skill in the ways of courts could have accomplished the objects which no other man of his time attained with such complete success. In a court of contention and favouritism, he retained supreme influence to the last; released from the labours of office, he possessed more than the power of a minister—and nominally a subject, he was scarcely less than emperor. Boundless wealth, the highest rank, and every honour which the empire could lavish on its first noble, were the prizes of Potemkin.

People at home are in the habit of looking upon the diplomatic body abroad as a collection of very subtle and sagacious personages—a collection of sages. A nearer view sometimes strips the idea down to humble dimensions. Sir James Harris (he had now obtained the Order of the Bath, which he seems to have deserved by his diligence) thus sketches the new ambassadorial body—a general change having just taken place. "The Imperial, Danish, French, Prussian, and Spanish ministers are altered, and one from Naples is added to our corps." The Neapolitan he describes as "utterly unfit for business;" Count Cobenzel, the Austrian ambassador, "as a man of excellent parts and great activity;" Goertz, the Prussian, "a very able and artful man." So far as this point, the honour of the corps is sustained; but then come the cyphers. Monsieur Verac, the cunning French envoy, is "more amiable in company than formidable in the cabinet." The Swede and the Saxon ministers, "most perfectly insignificant and overpowered with debts." The Dutch resident, Swartz, "a man neither of birth nor character, totally improper for the post he fills. The Swiss resident, having no other business than the lawsuits of his countrymen," &c.

Of the culpable habits of the Empress we shall say no more. The respect which this country feels for the character of the Emperor Nicholas, and the total contrast which that character presents to the especial failings of his ancestor, justly prevent our wandering into those observations. But we have a curious instance of the skill and adroitness of this memorable woman, in an interview in which she was wholly left to herself, and yet succeeded perfectly in what is presumed to be the *chef-d'œuvre* of diplomacy—the art of disguising her intentions. The British ambassador, after a long period of comparative failure, had succeeded in obtaining an audience through Potemkin—who always pretended to be powerless, yet who could do everything which he desired. The appointment to meet the ambassador was made, and Potemkin prefaced his service by the following singular sketch of his sovereign. "Do not expect that it is in the power of any living being to prevent her from concluding her favourite plan of armed neutrality. Content yourself with destroying the effects—the resolution is immovable. As it was conceived by *mistake* and perfected by *vanity*, it is maintained by *pride* and *obstinacy*. You well know the hold of those passions on a *female mind*; and if you attempt to slacken, you will only tighten the knot."

One of the imperial valets then came to lead the ambassador to the interview; which he gives in French, and which he commenced in a strain which we hope will never be imitated again by any cabinet of England.

"I have come to represent to your Imperial Majesty the *critical situation* in which our affairs are at present. You know our reliance on you. We venture to flatter ourselves that you will *avert the storm*, and reassure us as to our fears of having lost your friendship." If the expressions were not in print, we should scarcely have thought it possible that such crouching language could have been used. The ambassador, of course, is but the mouthpiece of his government. The blame must fall, not on the intelligent servant, but on the feeble masters. Who can wonder if the daring and haughty spirit of Catharine scoffed at the remonstrances, and despised the interests of a country, whose cabinet adopted language so unfitting the dignity and real power of the mighty British empire? The expressions of this dialogue would have been humiliating to the smallest of the "square-league" sovereignties of the Continent. The answer of the Empress was precisely what she might have addressed to the envoy of Poland or the Crimea. "Sir, you are aware of my sentiments relative to your nation; they are equally sincere and invariable. But I have found so little return on your part, that I feel I ought not to consider you any longer among my friends."

To this haughty tone, what is the reply of the ambassador?

"It is in the hope that those sentiments were not *entirely effaced*, that I wished to address myself directly to your Majesty. But it was not *without fear* that I approached you. Appearances only too strongly prove the impressions which you have received from our enemies." And so goes on the dialogue, like a scene in a play, see-sawing through six intolerable pages. How differently would Pitt's cabinet have acted, and how differently did it act! When the Russian councils menaced the seizure of even a paltry Turkish fortress on the Black Sea, the great minister ordered a fleet to be ready as his negotiators; and though the factiousness of Opposition at the time prevented this manly demonstration of policy and justice, the evidence was given, in the reign of Paul, when a British fleet crushed the armed neutrality—that trick of French mountebanks imposing on the ambition of the north—and restored Russia to so full a sense of the power and the honour of England, that she sent her fleet into her safe keeping at the approach of Napoleon's invasion, and has been her fast and honourable ally ever since. "Cromwell's ambassador" is the true one for England at all times. A stout British squadron sent to the Baltic in 1780 would have wonderfully solved the difficulties of the British negotiation, have completely cleared the Empress's conscience, have enlightened Count Panin's brains, and have even convinced the wily Potemkin himself that the art of political delusion was too dangerous a game to be tried against England.

But the true value of history is to instruct the future. We are now in nearly the same relative position to France in which we were sixty-four years ago relative to Russia. We are exhibiting the same dilatoriness which we exhibited

then, and we shall be fortunate if we escape the same consequences. A strong fleet sent to the Mediterranean would do more to calm the elements of strife effectually than all the remonstrances of all our negotiators. Or, if the French were foolish enough to provoke a battle, a repetition of the 1st of June, or the 21st of October, would be the tranquillizer of a restless people, who can never suffer Europe to rest in peace but when they themselves have been taught the miseries of war.

In justice to the cabinet of 1789, it must be acknowledged that the personal tone of the ambassador was criticised; and we thus find him making his diplomatic apology to Lord Stormont, then Secretary for foreign affairs:—

"I have often been conscious of the remark your Lordship makes, and have myself felt that I was not acting up to the character of an English minister, in bestowing such fulsome incense on the Empress. But here, too, I was drawn from my system and principles by the conduct of my adversaries. They ever addressed her as a being of a superior nature; and as she goes near to think herself infallible, she expects to be approached with all the reverence due to a divinity." No excuse could be more unsatisfactory. If other men chose to bow down, there would have only been the more insolence, and the more effect, too, in refusing to follow such an example.

In 1783 the ambassador obtained permission to return to England. His correspondence at the period immediately previous is remarkably interesting; and it is striking to see that the successive secretaries for the foreign department, under all changes of administration, formed the same view of the substantial policy of England. When, in 1783, Fox assumed the foreign seals, he thus writes to Harris, in the course of a long letter on the foreign policy of the cabinet:—"You will readily believe me, that my system of foreign politics was too deeply rooted to make it likely that I should have changed it. Alliances with the northern powers *ever have been, and ever will be, the system of every enlightened Englishman.*"

In the year following, Sir James Harris was appointed by Pitt to the Dutch embassy, to which he had been previously nominated by Fox, his friend and political leader. The appointment by the new cabinet was thus the strongest testimony to his talents. His letters from the Hague contain a very intelligent statement of the parties and principles which agitated Holland in 1787. The object was the establishment of a democracy, and the extinction of the Stadtholderate, or at least its suppression as a hereditary dignity. The court of France was busy in this democratic intrigue; and its partial success unquestionably added new combustibles to the pile on which that unfortunate monarchy in the hour of infatuation, was preparing to throw itself. The ambassador's language on this occasion is characteristic and memorable. In one of his despatches to the Marquis of Carmarthen, then Secretary of State, he thus says:—

"The infamy and profligacy of the French make me long to change my profession, and to fight them with a sharper instrument than a pen. It must be with those (not our pens, but our swords) that we must carry the mediation through, if we mean it should be attended with any success. There are strong reports of a popular insurrection in France"—"*Si Dieu voulait les punir par ou ils ont péché, comme j'admierais la justice divine!*" The remark was natural—it was almost prophetic; and it was on the eve of realization. In 1789, but two years after, the Revolution began.

These volumes contain a great deal of extremely curious material, especially important to every man who may in future be employed in the foreign service of our diplomacy. They supply a model of the manner in which those offices may be most effectively sustained. We have already expressed dissatisfaction at the submissive style used in addressing the Russian Empress. But in other instances, the language of the ambassador seems to have been prompt and plain. It is remarkable that England has, at the present time, arrived at a condition of European affairs bearing no slight resemblance to that of the period between 1783 and 1789. It is true that there will be no second French Revolution; one catastrophe of that terrible extent is enough for the world. But there are strong symptoms of those hostilities which the Bourbons were endeavouring to kindle against this country, for at least a dozen years before the Revolution which crushed their monarchy.

Without any provocation on the part of England, any actual claim, or any desire whatever of war, this country finds itself suddenly made an object of perpetual insult on the part of all the active mind of France. The cry from every organ of public opinion seems to be war with England, whether with or without cause. A violent clamour is raised for our national ruin; the resources of France are blazoned in all quarters; and the only contemplation popular in France is, how most suddenly and effectually French armies may be poured on our shores, our fields ravaged, our maritime cities burned, and our people massacred! It must be hoped that this detestable spirit does not reach higher than the Jacobin papers, and the villains by whom that principal part of the French press is conducted. Yet we find but little contraposition to it in even the more serious and authentic portion of the national sentiments. In such circumstances, it is only right to be prepared. We find also the still more expressive evidence of this spirit of evil, in the general conduct of the agents of France in her colonies—a habit of sudden encroachment, a growing arrogance, and a full exhibition of that bitter and seething petulance, which was supposed to have been scourged out of the French by their desperate defeats towards the close of the war. All this insolence may, by possibility, pass away; but it also may go on to further inflammation, and it may be necessary to scourge it again; and this discipline, if once begun, must be carried through more effectually than when the Allies last visited Paris. The respect felt for the French king and his prime minister, as the friends of peace, naturally restrains the language with which aggression deserves to be reprobated. But the French government, if it desires to retain that respect, must exhibit its sincerity in making some substantial effort to preserve peace. No man of sense in Europe can believe in the necessity of the seizure of Algiers, nor in the necessity of the war with Morocco. But every man can see the influence of both on the freedom of the Mediterranean. The seizure of the British consul at Otaheite shows a spirit which must be summarily extinguished, or the preservation of peace will be impossible. In the mean time, we hear from France nothing but a cry for steam-ships, and threats of invasion. We ask, what has England done? Nothing to offend or injure: there is not even an allegation of anything of the kind. But if war must come, woe be to those by whom it is begun! The history of all the wars of England with France, is one of French defeat. We have beaten the French by land, we have beaten them by sea; and, with the blessing of Heaven on the righteous cause and our own stout hands, we shall always beat them. We have beaten them on the soil of the stranger—we have beaten them on their own. From the fourteenth century, when English soldiers were masters of the half of France, down to Waterloo, we have always beaten France; and if we beat her under Napoleon, there can be no fear of our not beating her under a race so palpably his inferiors. All England deprecates war as useless, unnatu-

ral, and criminal. But the crime is solely on the head of the aggressor. Woe to those who begin the next war! It may be final.

The late visit of the Emperor of Russia to this country, which so much perplexed the political circles of both France and England, now probably admits of elucidation. The Emperor's visit has been followed by that of the ablest and most powerful diplomatist in his dominions, the Count Nesselrode, his foreign minister. For this visit, too, a speedy elucidation may be found. The visits of the King of Saxony, and the Princes of Prussia and Holland, also have their importance in this point of view; and the malignant insults of the French journals may have had a very influential share in contributing to the increased closeness of our connexion with the sovereignties of Germany and Russia. The maxim of Fox, that the northern alliances are the true policy of England, is as sound as ever. Still, we deprecate war—all rational men deprecate war; and we speak in a feeling which we fully believe to be universal in England, that nothing would be a higher source of rejoicing in Great Britain, than a safe peace with France, and harmony with all the nations of the world.

ASTRONOMICAL DISCOVERIES OF LAPLACE.

BY M. ARAGO.—[Concluded.]

The admirable work of Lagrange on the libration of the moon seemed to have exhausted the matter, it was not however so. The movement of revolution of our satellite around the earth, is subjected to perturbation and inequalities, styled secular, and which were unknown to Lagrange, or neglected by him. These inequalities in the long run place the star, without speaking of whole circumferences, at a half circumference, or a circumference and a half from the position which it would otherwise occupy. If the rotary movement did not participate in such perturbations the moon in the course of time would successively present to us all the parts of her surface. This event will not happen, as the hemisphere of the moon now invisible will be invisible for ever. Laplace has shown indeed that the earth by its attraction, introduces into the rotary movement of the lunar spheroid, the secular inequalities which exist in the revolving movement. Such researches show the power of mathematical analysis in all its brilliancy. Synthesis would have led very difficultly to the finding out of truths so deeply hidden in the complicated actions of a multitude of forces.

We should be unpardonable if we forgot to place in the first rank, among the works of Laplace, the perfecting of the Lunar Tables. This perfecting, in truth, had for its immediate end the rapidity of distant maritime communications, and that which is of infinitely greater value than any mercantile consideration, the preservation of seamen's lives. Thanks to unparalleled sagacity, unbending perseverance, and ardour always youthful and influential on his able fellow labourers, Laplace solved the problem of the longitude, more completely than any had dared to hope in a scientific point of view, more exactly than the nautical art required in its greatest refinement. The ship, the plaything of the winds and storms, has no longer to fear being left adrift in the immensity of the ocean. An intelligent view of the starry sphere will teach the pilot, everywhere and always, what is his distance from the meridian of Paris. The extreme perfection of the actual Lunar Tables gives to Laplace the right of being reckoned among the benefactors of mankind.

In the beginning of 1611 Galileo thought he found in the eclipses of the satellites of Jupiter a simple and rigorous solution of the famous nautical problem. Active negotiations even were thenceforth commenced to introduce the new mode on board numerous vessels of Spain and Holland. The negotiations failed. From the discussion the evidence was obtained that the exact observation of the satellites would require powerful telescopes, and such telescopes could not be employed in a ship tossed about by the waves. The method of Galileo appeared at least to preserve all its merits on dry land, and to promise geography great improvements. These hopes were however found to be premature. The movements of the satellites of Jupiter are not nearly so simple as the immortal inventor of this method of taking the longitude supposed. It has required three generations of astronomers and geometers to labour with firmness in the determination of their strongest perturbations. It has required in fine that Laplace should bring in the midst of them the torch of mathematical analysis to give the tables of these little stars all the precision, requisite and desirable. New nautical ephemerides give five or ten years beforehand the indication of the hour at which the satellites of Jupiter will be eclipsed and reappear. The calculation does not yield in exactness to direct observation. In this group of stars considered apart, Laplace found perturbations analogous to those which the planets sustain. The promptitude of the revolutions reveals among them in a sufficiently short space of time changes which centuries alone would develop in the solar system. Although the satellites have a diameter hardly appreciable, even under the best telescopes, our illustrious fellow-countryman determined their masses. He discovered in fine in their movements, simple and extremely remarkable relations between the relative positions of these little stars, and which are called the laws of Laplace. Posterity will not blot out this designation, they will think it natural that the name of such a great astronomer should be written in the firmament alongside of that of Kepler.

Let us quote two or three of the laws of Laplace. If, after having added to the mean longitude of the first satellite the double of that of the third, we subtract from the sum triple the mean longitude of the second, the result will be exactly equal to 180 degrees, or half a circumference. Would it not be really extraordinary if the three satellites should have been placed originally at distances from Jupiter, and in respective positions, which were constantly and rigorously to maintain the before-named conditions? Laplace replied to this question by showing that there is no occasion the law should be rigorous in the origin. The mutual action of the satellites must have led to the present mathematical state, if once the distances and positions complied with the law in an approximate manner. This first law is equally true when the synodic elements are employed. It thence evidently results that the three first satellites of Jupiter can never be eclipsed at once. We see what we must believe as to a recent observation so much celebrated, and during which certain astronomers saw momentarily none of the four satellites around the planet. That in no wise authorises us to suppose them eclipsed: a satellite disappears when it projects itself upon the central part of the luminous disc of Jupiter, and also when it passes behind the opaque body of the planet.

Another very simple law is this, to which are subject the mean movements of the same satellites of Jupiter. If we add to the mean movement of the first satellite double the mean movement of the third, the sum is exactly equal to thrice the mean movement of the second. This numerical conjunction, perfectly correct, would be one of the most mysterious phenomena of the system of the world if Laplace had not proved that the law could only have been applied at the origin, and that the mutual action of the satellites had sufficed to

make it rigorous. The illustrious geometer, pushing his researches to their minutest ramifications, arrived at this result. The action of Jupiter co-ordinates the rotary movement of the satellites, in such manner that, without regard to secular perturbations, the duration of the rotation of the first satellite, plus twice the duration of the rotation of the third, forms a sum constantly equal to thrice the duration of the rotation of the second.

By a deference, modesty, and timidity, without any plausible grounds, our workmen, in the last century, had given up to the English the monopoly of the construction of astronomical instruments. Thus let us openly acknowledge it, at the time when Herschel on the other side of the channel made his beautiful observations, there existed in France no means of following them and developing them; we had not even the means of verifying them. Happily for the scientific honour of our country, mathematical analysis is a powerful instrument. Laplace proved it so well that on a solemn occasion he foresaw from the depths of his study, and minutely announced, what the skilful astronomer of Windsor was going to see by making use of the largest telescopes which had ever come from the hand of man. When Galileo, in the beginning of 1610, directed toward Saturn a very weak telescope recently made by his own hands, he saw that this planet is only an ordinary globe, without however being able to give an exact account of its real form. The expression tri-corpus, by which the illustrious Florentine philosopher summed up his reflections, implied an idea completely erroneous. Our fellow-countryman Roberval was much more happily inspired; but from want of having given a detailed comparison of his hypothesis and his observations, he abandoned to Huygens the honour of being considered the author of the true theory of the phenomena which this admirable planet presents. Everybody now knows that Saturn is composed of a globe 900 times larger than the earth, and of a ring. This ring does not touch the inner globe at any point, it is everywhere removed 20,000 miles. Observations carry the breadth of the ring to 30,000 miles. The thickness is certainly not 250 miles. Except an obscure streak, which, going through the whole extent of the ring, divides it into two parts of unequal breadth and dissimilar brightness, this strange colossal bridge without piers had never presented to the most experienced and most able observers either spot or perturbation capable of deciding whether it was immovable or gifted with a rotary movement. Laplace considered that it was little probable, if the ring were immovable, that its constituent parts should resist, by their simple adherence, the attractive and continual action of the planet. A movement of rotation suggested itself to his mind as the conservative principle, and he determined the requisite speed; the speed thus calculated is equal to that which Herschel deduced later from extremely delicate observations. The two parts of the ring, being placed at different distances from the planet, could not fail to be affected from the action of the sun with different movements of precession. The planes of the two rings should thus it seemed, be generally inclined to each other, while observation incessantly shows them confused together. It was then requisite that a cause should exist capable of neutralizing the solar action. In a paper published in Feb. 1789, Laplace found that this cause must be the flattening of Saturn, produced by a rapid rotary motion of that planet, of which Herschel announced the existence in August 1789. It will be remarked how the eye of the mind can, in certain cases, supply the most powerful telescopes, and lead to astronomical discoveries of the highest order.

Let us descend from heaven to earth. The discoveries of Laplace will be found neither less important nor less worthy of his genius. The tides, that phenomena which an ancient in despair called "the tomb of human curiosity," have been, by Laplace, connected with an analytical theory, in which the physical conditions of the question figure for the first time. Thus calculators, to the great benefit of our maritime coasts, hazard themselves now in foretelling several years in advance the circumstances of hour and height of great tides, without any further disquietude as to the result, than if it concerned the phases of an eclipse. There exists between the phenomena of the flow, ebb, and alternative actions which the sun and moon exercise on the liquid stratum which covers three quarters of the globe, an intimate necessary connection, in which Laplace, making use of twenty years observations at Brest, determined the value of the mass of our satellite. Science now knows that 75 moons would be requisite to form a weight equivalent to that of our earthly globe, and this is due to the attentive and minute study of the oscillations of the ocean. We only know of one means of adding to the profound admiration which all attentive minds will doubtless feel for theories susceptible of such consequences. An historical quotation will supply us with it: we will recall that in 1631, in his celebrated Dialogues, the illustrious Galileo was far from seeing the mathematical connections whence Laplace deduced such beautiful, such evident, and such useful results that he charged as *inopia* the loose conception of Kepler of attributing to lunar attraction a certain part in the daily and periodical movements of the waves. Laplace did not confine himself to extending them so widely, to perfecting in a manner so essential the mathematical theory of the waves; he considered further the phenomenon under quite a new light; it was he who first treated of the stability of the equilibrium of the sea. The systems of solid or liquid bodies are subject to two kinds of equilibrium, which must be carefully distinguished. In the former, in firm or stable equilibrium, the system slightly removed from its primitive position, incessantly tends to return to it. In the unstable equilibrium, on the other hand, a slight shock in the beginning may, in the long run, become enormous. If the equilibrium of the waves is of the latter kind, waves engendered by the action of the wind, by earthquakes, and by sudden movements at the bottom of the sea, might, in the end, raise themselves to the height of the highest mountains. The geologist would have the satisfaction of seeking in these prodigious oscillations for rational explanations of a great number of phenomena, but the world would be exposed to new and terrible cataclysms. People may be comforted; Laplace has proved that the equilibrium of the ocean is stable, but on the express condition, elsewhere established by certain facts, that the mean density of the liquid mass be inferior to the mean density of the earth. For the actual sea always remaining in the same state, let us substitute an ocean of mercury, and stability will have disappeared, and the liquid will frequently leave its bounds to devastate continents even in the snowy regions lost in the clouds. Do we not remark how every analytical research of Laplace has shown, in the universe and in our globe, conditions of order and durability.

It was impossible that the great geometer, who had so well succeeded in the study of the ocean tides, should not study the tides of the atmosphere: that he should not subject to the delicate and definite proofs of rigorous calculation, the opinions, generally spread, touching the influence of the moon on the height of the barometer, and on other meteorological phenomena. Laplace, in truth, has devoted a chapter of his beautiful work to the examination of the fluctuations which the attractive force of the moon can effect on our atmosphere. It results from these researches that at Paris the lunar flux measured on the barometer is nowise sensible. The value of this flux, obtained by the discussion

of a long series of observations, has not exceeded two hundredths of a millimeter, (1-1200 of an inch,) a quantity inferior to those for which it is possible to answer in the actual state of meteorological science. The calculation to which I have just referred may be adduced in support of the considerations to which I had recourse in another article of the *Annuaire*, when I endeavoured to establish that if the moon modifies, more or less, according to its different phases, the height of the barometer, it is not by attraction.

No one was ever more ingenious than Laplace in laying hold of the relations and intimate connections between phenomena apparently different; no one showed more ability in drawing important conclusions from these unexpected comparisons. Toward the end of his days, for instance, he upset by a stroke of his pen, with the help of a few observations of the moon, the cosmogonic theories of Buffon and Bailly, so long in vogue. According to these theories the earth moved towards an inevitable and approaching congelation. Laplace who never contented himself with a vague expression, endeavoured to determine by numbers the great speed of cooling in our globe, which Buffon had so eloquently, but so gratuitously announced. Nothing could be more simple, better connected, or more demonstrative, than the chain of deductions of the celebrated geometer. A body lessens in its dimensions when it cools. According to the most elementary principles of mechanics, a rotary body which contracts must inevitably turn faster and faster. The day at all periods has had for its duration the time of the earth's rotation; if the earth cooled down the day must incessantly shorten. But there is a means of discovering whether the duration of the day has varied; it is to examine in each century what has been the arc of the celestial sphere which the moon has traversed during the time that the astronomers of the period called a day, during the time that the earth employs to make a revolution on itself; the speed of the moon being in truth independent of the duration of the rotation of our globe. Now take with Laplace, in known tables, the slightest values, if you like, of the dilations or contractions to which solid bodies are subject from changes in temperature; then search in the annals of Greek, Arab, and modern astronomy to find the angular velocity of the moon, and the great geometer will from these data bring the invincible proof that in 2000 years the mean temperature of the globe has not varied the hundredth part of a centigrade degree. There is no effect of eloquence which can resist the authority of a similar argument, the power of such figures. Mathematics have in all times been implacable adversaries of scientific romances.

The fall of bodies, if it were not a phenomena of every moment, would excite justly, and in the highest degree the astonishment of men. What is more extraordinary, indeed, than to see a mass inert, that is to say deprived of will, a mass which can have no propensity to move in one direction more than another, precipitate itself towards the earth as soon as it ceases to be upheld. Nature engenders the weight of bodies by ways so concealed, so much beyond the reach of our senses, and the ordinary resources of human intellect, that the philosophers who, in antiquity, thought they could explain everything mechanically, according to the simple evolutions of atoms, excepted weight. Descartes tried what Leucippus, Democritus, Epicurus, and their schools had thought impossible. He made the fall of terrestrial bodies depend on the action of a whirlwind of very subtle matter circulating around our globe. The real improvements which the illustrious Huygens added to the ingenious conception of our fellow-countryman were far, however, from giving clearness and decision to it, those characteristic attributes of truth. Those appreciate very ill the direction, the bearing of one of the greatest questions in which the moderns have engaged, who see Newton come forth victorious from a contest in which his two immortal predecessors had succumbed. Newton no more discovered the cause of gravitation than Galileo had done. Two bodies near each other approach. Newton did not seek the nature of the power which produced this effect. The power exists, he calls it by the name of attraction, but with the warning that the term from his pen implies no fixed idea touching the mode of physical action, according to which gravitation arises and is brought into action. Attractive force once admitted as a fact, Newton follows it up and studies it in terrestrial phenomena, in the revolution of the moon, planets, satellites, comets, and, as we have already said, he produces from this incomparable labour the mathematical, simple, and universal characters of the forces which preside over the movements of all the stars which compose our planetary system. The loud applauses of the learned world did not prevent the immortal author of the *Treatise on Natural Philosophy* from hearing isolated voices pronounce, as the occasion of universal attraction, the words "occult qualities." This word made Newton and his most devoted and enthusiastic disciples give up the reserve which they thought it their duty to observe. Then were banished to the class of the ignorant those who considered attraction as an essential property of matter, as the mysterious index of a sort of charm; who supposed that two bodies could act upon each other without the intermediation of a third body: then this power became in every place either the resultant of the effort made by a certain fluid (ether,) to escape into the free regions of space, where its density is at its maximum, towards the planetary bodies around which it exists in the greatest state of rarefaction, or either the consequence of the impulse of some fluid medium.

Newton never explained himself categorically on the manner in which an impulse, the physical cause of the attractive power of matter, could arise, at least in our solar system. But we have now very strong reasons for believing that in writing the word impulse the great geometer was thinking of the systematic ideas of Varignon and Natio de Duillier, later restored and perfected by Lesage; these ideas, in fact, had been communicated to him before publication. According to Lesage's ideas, there are in the regions of space corpuscles moving themselves in all possible directions, and with excessive rapidity. The author gave to these corpuscles the name of ultra-mundane corpuscule. Their aggregate composed the gravific fluid, if, however, the designation of fluid could be applied to a collection of particles having no connection together. An unique body, placed in the middle of such an ocean of movable corpuscles, would remain in repose, since it would be equally pushed in every direction. On the other two bodies would move toward each other, for their regardant surfaces would no longer be struck, in the direction of the line which would join them, by the ultra-mundane corpuscles; for there would then exist currents of which the effect would no longer be destroyed by counter currents. It is easily seen that two bodies placed in the gravific fluid would tend to approach, with an intensity which would vary in the inverse ratio of the square of the distances. If attraction is the result of the impulsion of a fluid, its action should employ a finite time in passing through the immense spaces which separate the heavenly bodies. The sun would then be suddenly annihilated, so that after the catastrophe, mathematically speaking, the earth would still feel its attraction for some time. The contrary would happen on the sudden birth of a planet; a certain time would transpire before the attractive action of the new star would be felt on our globe. Several geometers of the last century believed

that attraction was not instantaneously transmitted from one body to another: they even gifted it with a very slight velocity of propagation. Daniel Bernoulli for instance, wishing to explain how the highest tide arrives on our coasts a day and a half after the syzygies, that is to say, a day and a half after the epochs when the sun and moon have been most favourably situated for the production of this magnificent phenomenon, admits that the lunar action employed all this time (a day and a half) in transmitting itself from the moon to the sea. Such a low velocity could not be made to agree with the mechanical explanations of the weight of which we have spoken. The explanation indeed, imperiously supposes that the proper velocity of the heavenly bodies is comparatively insensible to that of the gravific fluid.

Before having found that the actual diminution of eccentricity in the earth's orbit is the real cause of the acceleration observed in the movement of the moon, Laplace, on his side, had sought whether this mysterious acceleration did not depend on the successive propagation of attraction. Calculation for a moment made the supposition plausible. He showed that the gradual propagation of attraction would inevitably introduce into the movement of our satellite a perturbation proportionate to the square of the time lapsed, beginning with any epoch; that to represent numerically the results of astronomical observations, it would be by no means necessary to attribute to attraction low velocities; that a propagation eight million times more rapid than that of light would satisfy all these phenomena. Although the true cause of the acceleration of the moon be now well known, the ingenious calculation of which I have just spoken does not the less preserve its place in science. In a mathematical point of view, the perturbation dependant on the successive propagation of attraction which this calculation points out, has a certain existence. The connection between the velocity and the perturbation is such that one of the two quantities leads to the numerical knowledge of the other. But by giving to the perturbation the maximum value which observations allow when they are corrected by the known acceleration arising from the change of eccentricity in the earth's orbit we find for the velocity of the attractive force—fifty million times the speed of light. By recollecting that this number is a minimum limit, and that the speed of the luminous rays equals 200,000 miles per second, those philosophers who pretend to explain attraction by the impulse of a fluid, will see what prodigious velocities they have to satisfy. The reader will here again remark with what sagacity Laplace knew how to take advantage of the phenomena best adapted to throw light on the arduous questions of celestial physics; and with what good fortune he explored them, bringing forth numerical conclusions before which the mind becomes confused.

The author of the *Mécanique Céleste* admitted with Newton that light is composed of material molecules of excessive tenuity, and gifted in free space with a velocity of 200,000 miles per second. However we must warn those who would take advantage of this imposing authority that the principal argument of Laplace in favour of the system of emission was the possibility of subjecting everything in it to simple and rigorous calculation, while the undulatory theory presented to analysis, and still offers immense difficulties. It was material for a geometer who had so elegantly connected with attractive and repulsive forces, the laws of simple refraction to which light obeys in the atmosphere, and of double refraction which it obeys in certain crystals, should not abandon his path before having mathematically ascertained the impossibility of arriving in the same manner at plausible explanations of the phenomena of diffraction and polarisation. Besides the care which Laplace always took to push his researches as much as possible to numerical deductions will permit philosophers, who undertake a complete comparison of the two rival theories of light, to seek in the *Mécanique Céleste*, the data of many comparisons very striking and full of interest. Is light an emanation from the sun? does that star dart at every moment and in all directions, a part of its own substance? does it diminish gradually in mass or volume? The solar attraction of our globe would then become less and less considerable; the radius of the terrestrial orbit, on the other hand, could not fail to increase, and the length of the year would receive a corresponding augmentation. That is with every one the result of a first glance. By applying analytical calculation to the question, by descending thus to numerical application by the help of the more precise results of observation as to the duration of the year in different ages. Laplace proved that in 2000 years a constant emission of light has not diminished the mass of the sun one two thousandth part of its primitive value.

Our illustrious fellow-countryman never proposed to himself anything vague or indeterminate. His constant object was the explanation of some grand natural phenomena, according to the inflexible rules of mathematical analysis. No philosopher, no geometer more carefully kept himself in check against the spirit of systematizing. No one feared more the scientific errors which imagination brings forth, when it is not circumscribed with the bounds of facts, calculation and analogy. Once, once only, Laplace cast himself like Kepler, like Descartes, like Leibnitz, like Buffon, in the reign of conjecture. His conception was then nothing less than a cosmogony.

All planets revolve around the sun from west to east, and in planes which form with each other very slight angles. The satellites move around their respective planets like the planets around the sun, that is to say from west to east. The planets and the satellites, of which the movements of rotation can be observed equally turn on their centres from west to east. In fine the rotary movement of the sun is also affected from west to east. There is therefore a total of forty-three movements similarly directed. By the calculation of probabilities there are more than four thousand milliards to one against this similitude induction of so many movements being the effect of chance. Buffon is, I believe, the first who has attempted to give an account of this singularity of our solar system. Wishing to abstain from resorting in the explanation of phenomena to causes out of nature, the celebrated academicien sought a physical origin or what is common in the movement of so many stars; of so many stars, different in their size, forms, and distances, from the principal centre of attraction. This origin he thought he had found by making this triple supposition; a comet fell obliquely on the sun; it pushed before it a torrent of fluid matter; this matter, transported according to its different degrees of levity, more or less far from the sun, formed by concentration all the known planets. The bold hypothesis of Buffon is subject to insurmountable difficulties, I have already sufficiently illustrated them in my notice on comets. I may therefore confine myself to pointing out here in a few words the cosmogonic system which Laplace substituted for that of the illustrious author of the *Natural History*.

According to Laplace the sun was at a remote period, the central nucleus of an immense nebula which had a very high temperature, and extended far beyond the region where Herschel now moves. At that time no planet existed. The solar nebula was gifted with a general movement of revolution directed from west to east. On cooling down it could not fail to sustain a gradual condensation, and thenceforth to turn faster and faster if the nebulous matter extended originally in the equatorial region as far as the limit at which

the centrifugal force exactly counterbalanced the attractive action of the nucleus, the molecules situated at that limit, should during the condensation separate from the rest of the atmospheric matter and form an equatorial zone, a ring turning separately and with its primitive velocity. It may be conceived that analogous separations would take place at different periods, that is to say, at various distances from the nucleus, in the superior strata of the nebula, and that they would give rise to a succession of distinct rings kept almost in the same plane, and gifted with different velocities. This once admitted, we easily see that the indefinite preservation of the rings would have required in their whole circumference a composition little probable. Each of them broke then in its turn into several masses which were endowed, as it is easily to be conceded, with a rotary movement in the common direction of revolution, and which on account of their fluidity assumed spheroidal forms. If we allow now that one of these spheroids may have swallowed up all those arising from the same ring, it will be sufficient to give it a mass superior to that of all the others. In each of the planets in the vaporous state of which we have just spoken, the mind recognizes a central nucleus gradually increasing in mass, and an atmosphere which presents at its successive limits, phenomena entirely similar to those which the solar atmosphere, properly so called had presented to us. We thus assist at the birth of the satellites and of the ring of Saturn. The system of which I have just given a sketch, has for its object to show how a nebula gifted with a general movement of rotation should in the long run transform itself into a very luminous central nucleus (the sun,) and into a series of distinct spheroidal planets, distant one from another, all moving around the central sun in the direction of the primitive movement of the nebula; and how these planets would thus have around their centres movements of rotation similarly directed, how in fine the satellites, when formed, could not fail to turn on themselves and around the planets which carry them along, in the direction of the rotation of those planets, and of their circulating movement around the sun. We have just observed conformably with the principles of mechanics, the forces with which the particles of the nebula were primitively gifted, in the movements of rotation and circulation of the distinct and compact to which these particles had given rise by agglomeration. But in so doing we make only a single step. The primitive movement of rotation in the nebula does not result from simple attractions; this movement seems to indicate the action of an impulsive primordial force. Laplace is far from holding with respect to this the almost general opinion of philosophers and mathematicians. "He does not believe that the mutual attraction of bodies primitively motionless, would in the long run, reunite all these bodies in a state of repose, around a common centre of gravity." He maintains on the contrary, that three bodies without movement, of which two should be much larger in mass than the third, would not agglomerate into a homogeneous mass, but only in exceptional cases. In general the two larger bodies would unite together, while the third would revolve around the common centre of gravity. Attraction would thus become the cause of a kind of motion to which impulse would seem alone capable of giving birth.

It might in truth be believed that in laying down this part of his system, Laplace had before his eyes the words which Jean Jacques Rousseau had placed in the mouth of the Savoyard curate and which he endeavoured to refute. "Newton has discovered the law of attraction," says the author of *Emile*, "but attraction alone would soon reduce the universe to a motionless mass; to this law it has been requisite to add a projectile force to make the heavenly bodies describe curves. Let Descartes tell us what physical law has made his vortices turn round; let Newton show to us the hand which directed the planets on tangent of their orbits."

According to the cosmogonic ideas of Laplace, comets, in the origin, were not part of our system; they have not been formed at the expense of the matter of the immense solar nebula; they must be considered as small wandering nebulosities which the attractive force of the sun has deviated from their primitive path. Those of the comets which penetrated into the great nebula at the period of its condensation, and the formation of the planets, fell into the sun describing spirals, and would by their action, more or less, remove the planes of the planetary orbits from the plane of the solar equator, with which they would otherwise exactly have coincided. As to the zodiacal light, that stumbling block on which so many theories have fallen, it is composed of the most volatile particles of the primitive nebula. These molecules not having combined with the equatorial zones, successively abandoned in the plane of the solar equator, continue to revolve at the distances at which they were primitively, and with their original velocity. The existence of this extremely rare matter, in the region occupied by the earth, and even only in that of Venus, seemed irreconcilable with the laws of mechanics; but that was when, by placing the zodiacal matter in the immediate dependence of the solar atmosphere, properly so called, there was impressed on it an angular movement of rotation, equal to that of this photosphere, a movement by means of which its entire revolution would only require twenty-five days and a half.

Laplace presented "his conjectures on the formation of our solar system, with the mistrust which everything must inspire which is not the result of calculation and observation." Perhaps it is to be regretted that they did not receive greater development, particularly in what regards the division of matter into distinct rings; perhaps it is unfortunate that the illustrious author has not sufficiently explained himself as to the primitive physical condition, the molecular condition of the nebula, at the expense of which were formed the sun, planets, and satellites of our system; perhaps it is to be regretted in particular that Laplace should have thought proper to pass so slightly over the possibility, evident according to him, of the movements of revolution, resulting from the action of simple attractive forces, &c. Notwithstanding these omissions, the ideas of the author of the *Mécanique Céleste* are nevertheless the only ones which, by their grandeur, coherence, and mathematical character, can be truly considered as forming a physical cosmogony; the only ones which in the present day find a powerful support in the results of the recent labours of astronomers on the nebulosities of every kind with which the firmament is sprinkled.

In this analysis we have thought proper to concentrate attention on the *Mécanique Céleste*. The System of the World and the Analytical Theory of Probabilities would not require less development. The Exposition of the System of the World is the *Mécanique Céleste* stripped of its grand panoply of analytical formulas, through which, most indispensably pass every astronomer who, according to the expression of Plato, wishes to know "what figures" govern the material universe. It is in the Exposition of the System of the World that persons unacquainted with mathematics must seek an exact and sufficient idea of the methods to which physical astronomy owes its astonishing progress. This work, written with noble simplicity, exquisite propriety of expression, and scrupulous correctness, concludes with an abridgement of the history of astronomy, now classed, by an unanimous judgment, among the finest monuments of

the French language. It has often been regretted that Cesar in his immortal Commentaries, has confined himself to the relation of his own campaigns; the astronomical commentaries of Laplace extend to the origin of society. The endeavours made in all ages to snatch from the firmament new truths are there analysed with justice, clearness, and profundity; it is genius constituting itself the impartial appreciator of genius. Laplace always remained at the head of this grand mission, and his work will be read with respect as long as the torch of science shall give forth light.

The calculation of probabilities, kept within proper limits, interests, in an equal degree, the mathematician, the experimentalist, and the statesman. From the period, already remote, when Pascal and Fermat laid down the first principles of it, it has rendered, and daily renders, eminent service. It is the calculation of probabilities, which after having regulated the best arrangements of Tables of Population and Mortality, teaches us how to draw from the figures, generally, so badly interpreted, precise and useful conclusions; it is the calculation of probabilities which alone can regulate with equity the rates of premiums of insurance, subscriptions to lotteries, poundage for superannuations, annuities, discounts, &c.; it is under its attacks that the lottery, and so many shameful snares set by cunning for ignorance and cupidity, have finally succumbed. To sum up all in one word, the Analytical Theory of Probabilities is worthy of the author of the *Mécanique Céleste*.

A philosopher, whose name recalls immortal discoveries, said to his auditors, who were too much fascinated with ancient and consecrated reputation, "Remember, that in matters of science, the authority of a thousand is not worth the humble reasoning of one." Two centuries have passed over the words of Galileo without diminishing their value, and without hiding their truth. Thus instead of displaying a long list of illustrious admirers of the three splendid works of Laplace, we have preferred just to glance over some of the mighty truths which mathematics have there disclosed. Let us not, however, carry our strictness to excess, and since chance has brought into our hands a few unpublished letters of one of those men of genius to whom nature has given the rare faculty of seeing at the first glance, the culminating points of objects, we may perhaps be allowed to extract from three, two or three brief and characteristic fragments on the *Mécanique Céleste* and the Treatise on Probabilities.

On the 27th Vendémiaire, in the year X, after having received a volume of the *Mécanique Céleste*, General Bonaparte wrote to Laplace, "The first six months which I have at my disposal, shall be devoted to the perusal of your fine work." It seemed to us that the words "the first six months," take away the appearance of an ordinary complimentary letter of thanks, and contains a just appreciation of the importance and difficulty of the matter. On the 5th. Frémair in the year XI, the reading of a few chapters of the volume which Laplace had dedicated to him, was for the General "a new cause of regret that the force of circumstances had placed in a career which separated him from that of science. At least," added he, "I earnestly desire that future generations, in reading the *Mécanique Céleste* may not forget the esteem and friendship which I felt towards its author." On the 17th Prairial, in the year XIII, the General, then Emperor, wrote from Milan, "The *Mécanique Céleste* seems to me destined to shed a new lustre on the age in which we live." In fine, on the 12th August, 1812, Napoleon who had just received the Treatise on the Calculation of Probabilities, wrote from Witepsk the letter which we give verbatim. "There was a time when I should have read with interest your Treatise on the Calculations of Probabilities; now, I must confine myself to expressing the satisfaction which I feel every time that I see you publishing new works, which improve and extend the first of sciences, and contribute to the national glory. The progress and improvement of mathematics is intimately connected with the prosperity of the state."

THE TALLEYRAND PAPERS.

PART VII.—(Continued.)

"It is most extraordinary," said the prince, who had been telling me the previous anecdote of M. D—, one day after he had just left us; "that this adventure did not in any degree lessen his confidence in the interposition of Providence in his affairs, notwithstanding all the mockery and derision of which he had been made the object after this misadventure. On the contrary, he gave himself up with the greatest confidence to the decrees of that Providence which had never deceived him, and which certainly bore him through the most perilous and troublous times, without harm or molestation. He never emigrated during the revolution; he remained at his post, and whether it was that he was deemed too insignificant for annoyance, or that in consequence of the great love which was borne him by his parishioners, it was deemed prudent to overlook the fact of his remaining in the country, I know not; but it is certain that, without defiance, and yet without servility, he remained, and was unharmed. Perhaps the only example throughout the whole of France."

"Another specimen of his trust in Providence is worth recording, as it may give you an insight into the state of feeling at the time, and of the enthusiasm which existed, even in remote country districts, at the period of the breaking up of the system. After leaving the *Séminaire*, M. D— was appointed to a small cure in the neighbourhood of Rambouillet, which yielded him not more than about twelve hundred francs per annum. You may readily suppose that, with a knowledge of this fact, I was much surprised to find, on paying him a visit at his *presbytere*, that throughout the whole country round his name was mentioned with prayers and blessings by the poor: not for his attention to their ghostly comforts, not for his guidance in spiritual matters; but for his munificent charities, his assistance in all their pecuniary difficulties, wherein he always came to their aid, with even more readiness than the inhabitants of the *chateau* themselves. Meanwhile, as far as his own personal indulgences were concerned, the poorest peasant in his parish lived more sumptuously than he."

"I found him in a ruinous old parsonage house, with scarcely the smallest of the comforts of life; and yet full of the most splendid dreams of all the happiness he meant to confer, by his administration, in the district to which he had been appointed pastor. There was to be no more misery, no more want—the golden age was to be revived; in short, his visions were much of the same nature, only partaking of more simplicity, as those of your idol, Fourier. I could not help smiling, as we sat down to our repast of two hard-boiled eggs, and water a *discretion*, to hear him declare his resolution of enabling his parishioners to have each one, according to the vow of Henri Quatre, a fat hen to boil in his Sunday broth."

"But, my good friend, how will you be enabled to procure for them all these luxuries?"

"Oh, I have hit upon a plan," replied he, chuckling with glee, "which is a much better financial scheme, than any ever devised by either Calonne or Necker. So simple too—to be understood by the meanest capacity," as he spoke,

he went to a small cupboard in the wall, and drew from thence a long string of old and dirty playing cards, "this is my coin," exclaimed he triumphantly, waving the greasy mass before my sight—"with these simple pieces, which my poor pensioners deliver to the various tradespeople, they can procure in the village, food, fire, and clothing—with these old cards, begged from my evening games of piquet with the old Marquise de Beaugency, I can purchase for them the comforts, without which they cannot live."

"But in the name of Heaven, who will pay the providers?"

"Oh, I must trust to Providence for that!"

"I confess that I left my worthy friend with a mind full of uneasiness, notwithstanding his trust—the more so, when I found upon inquiry, that he was deeply indebted in every direction for the very provisions which he continued to distribute with such lavish hand. But so great was the respect his name inspired—so great the confidence felt by his flock in his honour and integrity, that no alarm was felt respecting the payment, it being imagined generally, that he was the agent of some rich and charitable person, for the distribution of these alms, and that they would be paid as soon as he himself received the money. After having given him for his poor, what I could spare—a mere drop in the ocean, when viewed with reference to the heaviness of the debts which he had incurred,—I took my departure full of anxiety respecting the future consequences of this thoughtless expenditure on the part of one, whose whole stock of worldly goods would not have satisfied the demands of even one of his numerous creditors."

"But however, other more serious events coming meanwhile, to occupy my attention, I lost sight of my old friend, or if ever I did think of him, it was with a faint terror, lest, never having heard of him since my visit to Rambouillet, he might have been reported to the bishop of his diocese, and have incurred imprisonment and disgrace for his imprudent practices. The great encounter between the people and their rulers had commenced, and all France was summoned to assist at the first parley, ere hostilities began—the assembling of the *états généraux* at Versailles."

"I arrived at Versailles the day before the procession from the Palace to St. Louis, and was walking arm and arm with Siéyes upon the *tapis vert*, gazing with curiosity on the scene. The day was heavenly, (it sometimes seems to me as though we had no such weather now, as we had then,) the *tapis vert* was crowded—courtiers in their court costume—officers in uniform—the *haut clerge* attired with the brilliant tokens of the rank each held in the church, were all gathered in groups, either sauntering beneath the shadow of the *charmille* hedge, where the first tender buds of May were just sufficient to screen the promenaders from the rays of the spring-tide sun—or else seated on the stone benches along the alleys, conversing with the ladies, who, all adorned in the gayest colours, and wearing the brightest smiles, seemed bent on rendering the holiday as brilliant as it was possible to be."

"On the other side—the truth may be told now without mischief,) avoided my attention, I lost sight of my old friend, or if ever I did think of him, it was with a faint terror, lest, never having heard of him since my visit to Rambouillet, he might have been reported to the bishop of his diocese, and have incurred imprisonment and disgrace for his imprudent practices. The great encounter between the people and their rulers had commenced, and all France was summoned to assist at the first parley, ere hostilities began—the assembling of the *états généraux* at Versailles."

"It was altogether a scene such as I shall never forget while memory has power to act. I never remember in my whole life to have been inspired with so profound a sentiment of melancholy as at that hour. I could scarcely refrain from shedding tears, to perceive, by what was already taking place, what must of necessity come to pass ere long. As we drew near to the palace, the long windows of the suite of the apartments looking towards the *Piece d'Apollon*, and then known as the *Appartements du Dauphin*, were thrown open, and our rushed, like a flight of butterflies, the whole bevy of court beauties, all in high glee, in towering spirits, elated at the prospect of the morrow's pageant, which they evidently looked upon but as a show wherein they were to see much that would amuse, and wherein they would be seen to the very best advantage, as fortunately the *Salle des Menus* was lighted from above, which was so much more favourable to the effect of rouge and *mouches* than the broad, glaring, side light of the *grande galerie*. I cannot tell you how the sound of that joyous laughter grated on my ear, as it caused both Siéyes and myself to pause while we watched those light forms, as they playfully chased each other on the terrace among the flowers. The queen was with them there, and I think I see her now, as she stood leaning for support against the pedestal of the statue of Silence, opposite the marble staircase, so greatly was she overcome by the fit of laughter into which she had been thrown by some mistake on the part of the Countess de Provence, for her ringing voice and childlike accent reached our ears as we stood close below the balustrade, as she exclaimed, pointing to her sister-in-law, "Cette chère Sœur will never learn to speak French!" That radiant face and beaming eye could not at such a moment be seen without inspiring a feeling of pity, and this I know was shared by Siéyes, for without uttering a word, he pressed my arm significantly, and led me from the spot to wards a group of the *tiers-état*, who were standing at the entrance of the *boisquets*. As we drew near I descried the Abbe Maury, who was as usual declaiming with all his might, although in a low tone, to an eager crowd of listeners. Just as we came up he concluded some section of his discourse with this question, "Eh bien, Messieurs, if the noblesse treat us so, what are we to do?"

"Why, trust to Providence!" was the answer, from one of those standing near. The voice made me start, so little was I prepared to hear it in such a place. I turned to the speaker—it was indeed my own dear D—!"

"Of course my inquiries and his replies followed each other in rapid succession, and I was almost led to believe that his philosophy was the best that had ever been devised, when he informed me that he had come to Versailles as representative of the clergy, deputed by his *commune*, the electors being of course in this, as in every other case, compelled to disburden him of his debts ere he could leave the canton. "It was quite unexpected," said the good man, "almost a miracle; for how could I dream even a short month ago of deputies, and notables, and gathering at Versailles. You see I was right in trusting to Heaven for relief. However, it did astonish the worthy *bourgeois* a little, when they discovered how dearly they would have to pay for their choice; and they might perhaps have cancelled it had such a proceeding been allowed. Mais, c'est égal!—summer is coming on, harvest time will soon draw near, and my poor have been clothed and fed in the meanwhile."

"It would perhaps be difficult to meet with a more beautiful realisation of the spirit of scripture than is to be found in this anecdote. He has met with his reward, for '*les pauvres*,' as he always called his little flock, protected him through the dangers and persecutions he subsequently had to undergo, and at the Restoration he was appointed to the cure of St. Thomas, one of the best benefices of Paris, which he still holds, and where, until these very few years, when he has become incapacitated from preaching, by old age, he was wont to deliver many and many a pithy sermon upon the wonderful bounty of Providence."

"There is scarcely a visitor at the Hotel Talleyrand, resumed C., "who does not, as in the case of the cure of Saint Thomas, elicit some quaint history, some piquant anecdote of days gone by, on the part of the prince. His memory is so wonderful, that he can scarcely recount the simplest trait of his own life without being led into many other stories illustrative of the times in which the event he happens to be relating, took place, and to which he knows better than any living being how to give the charm, the interest which will sometimes render the smallest incident of value, and which is a gift so highly esteemed by our nation, that *l'art de raconter* has ever been placed far above any other accomplishment in the qualifications requisite to form an agreeable member of society. You will in general find the prince indulgent when relating anecdotes even of persons with whom it may be a well known fact that he has differed all his life. I have often heard him say that 'experience teaches us indulgence,' and 'that the wisest man is he who doubts his own judgment with regard to the motives which actuate his fellow-men.' I have sometimes heard him entertain his intimate circle, during a long evening, with a vast number of amusing traits and anecdotes relating to his fellow-labourers in the vineyard, without once having recourse to scandal or ridicule; which I consider the very perfection of the story-teller's science. The only person with whose name he likes even now sometimes to disport himself in his *moment de malice*, is Madame Necker, whom he never could tolerate, and with whom, even in her most palmy days, he scrupled not to declare himself openly at war. He really felt with regard to her what he so happily expressed, 'She has every virtue and but one fault, and that is, she is insupportable!' The good lady never forgave his comparing her to a 'frigate riding at anchor, and receiving a salute from a friendly power,' when she stood upon her own hearth rug at the Hotel Necker, upon the occasion of her weekly receptions; her ample proportions obscuring the light of the fire, as with pinched-up features and prudish smile, she listened to the compliments of the Academicians, whom she assembled but for this purpose. The 'strait-laced Genevese,' as he calls her, has furnished him, I verily believe, with more witty *bon mots*, with more stinging epigrams, than even his most bitter enemy."

"His feeling towards her daughter, Madame de Stael, has much of the same nature. To this hour his *amour propre* is wounded by the obligation he owes her for having obtained, through her credit with Barras, his recall from exile and thus, in reality, laid the foundation of his fortune. This unwillingness to owe a debt may savour somewhat of ingratitude; but the prince will be excused when it is remembered that Madame de Stael possessed, in common with all persons of a nervous, irritable temperament, an excess of that susceptibility which phrenologists have denominated 'approbativeness,' which made her over-value her success, and never cease bringing it to the memory of the person obliged."

"This to a proud sarcastic temper like that of the prince, must have been peculiarly annoying, the more so as Napoleon, with the gross soldier-like want of tact which he would sometimes display, loved to remind him both of the immensity of the service, and by whom it had been rendered, and then would laugh coarsely to see him wince under the reproach, which all his wonted philosophy did not enable him to bear with calmness."

"He had never the same high opinion of Madame de Stael which the world professed. He thought her style pedantic and *guinde*, and would complain when any of her compositions were read to him of total want of nature and *coloris*. I have often heard him say, that those who read the writings might fairly boast of knowing the writer, for that nothing could more resemble Madame de Stael herself than the false exaggerated sentiments and superficial erudition of her compositions. I have seldom seen him enjoy more keenly a story than the one he will sometimes tell of an adventure which befel Madame de Stael at a party where he himself was present. I think it was at a *fete champetre* given by Madame Helvetius at her pretty little chateau at Auteuil. The garden was full of all the talents of Europe and America combined, for it was just at the height of the American mania, and the fete, indeed, was given to the great champion of liberty, the regenerator of his race—(*l'homme de la nature*, the immortal Franklin). I could tell you, by the by, some curious circumstances connected with the great patriot, which you, as an Englishman, would be glad to hear, and which, I am sure the prince would be equally glad to communicate, for he has but small esteem for the *faux bonhomme*, as he called him."

"Madame Helvetius was one of the most charming women that the world ever produced. The style and type of such beings seem lost ever since the revolution. Without being strictly handsome, she always succeeded, without effort, in obtaining more admiration than the professed beauties who might be in the same company with her. There was a charm, a grace, in every action, in every word she uttered, which has never been surpassed. Although she herself possessed no literary talent, there was not a celebrity in Europe who was not proud of her notice; and her assemblies in Paris, and her fetes at Auteuil are not forgotten to this day. Upon the occasion to which I refer, Madame de Stael was making her *debut* in the Parisian literary world, and calculating upon even more success than she obtained, although, had she been a person of moderate pretensions, she would have been more than satisfied. She had just arrived in Paris; she herself and all those connected with her, had been bright particular stars in the somewhat dim and cloudy horizon of Geneva."

"On her first appearance at the reunion, Madame Helvetius had of course with well-bred courtesy, paid her most particular attention, but having other guests to welcome, had left her after a while, to superintend the distribution of the amusements about the grounds. Once or twice she had passed Madame de Stael sitting gloomily on the bench where she had left her, and at last sent M. de Talleyrand to keep her company; but M. de Talleyrand had tact enough to know that, being himself no literary lion, he was no company for Madame de Stael, and so immediately went in quest of society more congenial to her taste. He soon returned, in company with the Abbe Monti whose poems were at that time the rage all over Europe, and whose coming instantly put the fair authoress into the best humours. M. de Talleyrand sat himself down on the bench beside them, in silence, feeling himself quite extinguished by so much talent, and remained a passive listener, anxious for improvement. The conversation was overwhelming with erudition, and then the compliments were pour-

ed forth like rain from an April sky—the Abbe 'had never reckoned upon so great an honour as that of meeting the first writer of the age;' Madame 'little dreamt when she arose that morning, that the day would be marked by so auspicious an event as the meeting with the abbe.'

"I have devoured every word that has escaped from Sappho's pen," said the abbe.

"I cannot sleep until I read the charming odes from the Italian 'Tyrtæus,'" said the lady.

"Have you seen my last endeavour?" said the abbe.

"Alas! not yet," sighed the lady, "although report speaks of it more highly than of any which have preceded it."

"I have it here," exclaimed the abbe, eagerly drawing a small volume from his pocket. "Allow me to present it to you, Madame; a poor homage indeed to so much genius, but it may prove interesting to one who has had so much success in heroic poetry."

"Thanks, thanks," cried Madame de Stael, seizing the little volume with every demonstration of overpowering gratitude. "This is indeed a treasure, and will be prized by me far beyond gold or jewels."

"She turned over the leaves slowly, while the delighted abbe watched her with a charming self complacency—then suddenly dropping it into her lap, she exclaimed, turning on the abbe a languid glance,

"You were talking of heroic poetry, dear abbe; have you seen my last attempt—a dramatic scene, 'l'Exile'—a slight and poor imitation of some of your own?"

"I have not been so blessed as to obtain a copy," replied the abbe.

"How fortunate that I should have one in my reticule!" said Madame, hurriedly seizing the strings of the bag suspended from her arm, and drawing forth a thin volume in boards. The abbe bent low over it as she presented it, and kissing it with reverence, placed it by his side, and the conversation—that is to say, the complimenting, was continued with redoubled vigour."

"M. de Talleyrand then departed, and did not return till the company broke up, when he found they had both left the bench whereon they had been seated so long together, leaving, however, the 'precious treasure' they had received from each other with so much gratitude, behind them! M. de Talleyrand seized upon them with inexpressible delight, thinking that they would furnish matter for innocent *perusal* when the loss came to be remembered by either party. But the thing was complete—they were never sought and never asked for! and he has them now in his library, and loves to show them as he tells the story of their coming into his possession."

"It is in this manner," said C., as he pulled out his watch, surprised at the lateness of the hour, "that M. de Talleyrand will sometimes entertain us with familiar histories of many whom the world has set upon pedestals of its own erecting, and from which he is fain to bring them down, although without scorn or malice, in order that we may see them more closely and know them better. You will now understand the reason why it must be so difficult to write a good 'Life of Prince Talleyrand,' there would be so little of himself compared to what must be told of other people—the work would be so full of digressions that it would become as bulky as a cyclopaedia. Besides, one single person could not do the whole. It would require writers of different talent, of different character, of different nations—I was almost going to say of different ages to do justice to the varied scenes wherein he himself displayed such variety of talents."

"Then why do you not, my dear friend, seize upon the branch which you have at your own disposal, and give the world the *Vie Anecdotique* of the prince?" said I. "Supposing you were to begin and try your skill by relating to me by way of practice before you publish."

"Well, well, the idea is not a bad one," said C., laughing heartily, "it is certainly not the *matériel* that would be wanting and when we have time and solitude it may amuse us both. One talent at least is secure, for you are undoubtedly a capital listener."

TEDDY BRYAN AND LOUIS PHILIPPE.

SPECIAL REPORT.

Portsmouth, Tuesday.

Faith, then, he's a fine old fellow quite intirely, and it's the civil thing he did to your humble correspondent, Thaddeus Bryan. In coorse I'm spakin' of the King of the Frinch, who I went to mate and welcome to England, as I told you I would if I could get away from Biar Atholl, which, wid the blessing of fortin, and the tin-pound note you sent me, I did, havin' Sandy M'Pherson a lively reminbrance of my shadow. As Peel's goin to alther the currency in Scotland, I thought it wid be thrublin' thim wid English notes, and thim their heads were clane turned wid the power of gold they've got racintly; so I tok a economical sonnambulist stroll away from M'Pherson and the Highland Philistines an mornin' found me on the top of a coach at Dunkil'd, an appropriate place you'll say for Irish gentilm'n labourin' under domestic calamities in the pockets of their pantaloons."

But that's not the talk. I've been aboard the Gomer, the Frinch royal stamper, and shuk hands wid Louis Philippe! How the d—! did yeegs git there, Teddy, says you? Faith, thim, its wondher enough you may. I've no trouble at all at all in getting into love, and dist, and drink, and a shindy, bud, by the powers, isn't afim I git into luck. Bow I did, by a slight exercise of my native Milashin modesty, which stunds my frind whin nobody else will. Faith, whin the stamper came to anchor I hailed one of the sweet, who was dressed in regimintals, and was lookin' as fierce, God save us, as a cock-maggot! "Sur," says I, "honur me wid the plisure of spaken' to his Majesty, I fought," says I, "blood to the eyes, in Paris on the three days in July, 1830, and wid me own hand put hors de combat twinty-sivin Swish, and had three balls in my body, says I." Bedad, the King heard me, for I spoke at the top of my voice, and says he, "Honour to the brave! I think I know his goodlookin' face; let him come on deck." Which I did, to the wondher of every one, myself included. "You are one of the English frinds of liberty," says the King, quite frindly and lookin' at me as keen as a praste, and winkin', "who took part in the glorious three days?" "Troth your Majesty, says I, I did; bein' an Irishman and naturally lovin' fightin' and the Frinch." "Brave hum!" says the King, "the Irish are a grate nation." Well, there I stod on the deck with a cloud of Frinch officers astarin at the shippin'; faith, they didn't like the looks of Portsmouth, by the turn of their mouths. Mounseer Geeee-o offered me a pinch of snuff, and asked "how's Dan?" "Party well, yer honour, says I, considerin', and I had a sigh. "Bon," says he.

Well, the guns were thunderrin' away, and the people were scramin' and shoutin', and the colours war flyin', and there stod the ould King bare-headed, wid a pocket hankershir in one hand and his hat in the other, wipin' now and thim what the thiefs of riportthurs would call tears from the corner of his eye

(d—I a drop), and bowin' to the mob of people crowdin' round in the flat of boats. He'd make a fine low commedian wud Louis Philippe; be my soul, he's a fine actor. The Board of Admiralty came aboard to pay their respects, an' if wooden-headed lookin' fellows can ripresent the wooden walls, faith, they did. Ould Admiral Macaw, who talks through his nose like his namesake the bird, could not help laughin' at ould Haddington, who looked like a washerwoman dressed for fun, and the rest of the people who rule the British navy. The Corporation then came wid an address, which the King answered, sayin' all manner of civil things, and tellin' them in ivery sentence all he wanted was "pace and plinty." "Will yer Majesty favour us wid a copy of thin same noble simtiments?" said the Recorder, like an *omadhaun*. "D—I a copy have I," says the King. "Whin could I spare the time or the paper? an' I never give anything away, says he, but words, and they're from my hart, be me sowl, says he, and that's vally enough, for they're worth notes," says he, winkin' and lookin' at the *Times* reportin' man, who was takin' down his spache.

Whin they lift, the King went below to get cocked, powdered, and shaved, like a dacin' man whin about to recave company, as my poor uncle who was killed in the rebellion used to say, to make ready to see Prince Albert, and whin he came on deck, faith, the royal ould gentleman looked as like Major Sturgeon in the Mayor of Garratt, and Geese-o as Jerry Sneak, as any two peas in a bushel. He looked as sarious as a fly in a mustard pot. Two rale actin'! Bang went the guns, and up came the Prince. Faith, thin all the sariousness vanished like the shmoke. The minnit the Prince stepped on deck the ould King started for a moment back wid a look and a shriek of joy, (in which moment, by the way, he trod on Macaw's corns, who caught his toe in his fist wid a roar) and thin made a rush, and catchin' hold of Albert in his arms and kissin' him, first on one chake and thin on the other, "Och! kell place here!" says he (which quarely means, what pleasure, in French). "You speak de Engleesh, sir," said the Prince, "so ver vell, permit me to hope you will honour dat language vile you are in de countr." "True for you my boy," said the ould King, laughin' and spakin' out iligantly, "I will," and turnin' round to the ould Duke of Wellington, who was bobbin' his head like a Chaney Manderin, he was about to embrace him, but the Duke shuk his head, faith, to the astonishment of the Frenchmin, who looked at him as if they woud ate him without salt, and the King offered his hand. Faith, thin, it was a sight to see *them two shakin' hands*. The King asked afther the Queen, and complimented the appearance of the British navy, sayin' as he turned an looked at the man of war, the Queen, "Ah, ah, well may Britain boast when they see the Queen so well manned, afloat and ashore." This made the Prince blush, and the ould Duke grin. Whin they were gettin' into the barge, the Prince asked the King to go first, but the King took him playfully by the elbows, and pushed him down the ladder, saying "You must not let any one take the lead of you, my boy, you know," and so they went on shore midst such roaring and cheering as was niver heard, and lift in the train for Farnbrigh, and thin for Windsor, where, wid Heaven's blessin', I follied also, havin' the good fortin to get a sate, through a Frinciman who I made frinds wid aboard, tellin' him how I slaughtered the Swish and Charley the Timb's blackguards in the revolution of 30.

Windsor Castle.

Here we are! Och! but it was a fine sight the matin' of her Majesty and ould Louis Philippe! There she, the Queen, stud like a dacin' woman, at the front door, waitin' his comin', and whin the King got out she dropped a purty curtesey which a Cork woman would envy, sayin', "God save you, sir, an' its glad I'm to see you, and welcome you are; how's ivry inch of you?" "Hear-ty, thank-ee," says he, "and signs on't." He up and gives her hand two smacks and thin I thought she turned her chake modestly aside wid a smile and a "won't-you-come-kiss-me-now" kind of an eye, for the ould King tuk the hint, an' in a fine ould fatherly manner kissed the young cratur which she is, tho' the mother childer. Two a grate sight. Well, in coorse, Teddy's occupation was now gone, for, wid all his modesty, he was clane bothered how to schame into the Palace. But never mind how I got the followin' bits of information. There wasn't anything of consequence tuk place on Tuesday as the Royal party all were very quiet and to themselves. But the sweet ate like dragons or famished hyenas. Bedad the Queen's larder is sufferin', and Misher Murray is lookin' melancholy, thinkin' of the pinchin' and starvin' that will follow. The Castle is as full of people as the cabin of a Gravesend steamer the last boat on wet Sunday.

Wednesday mornin' the Queen showed the ould King over the Castle, and in coorse he was much plazed with the chapel, &c. Whin he came to the Princess Charlotte's cenotaph he was much affected, and said it must have cost Leopold a large sum. "Not a halfpenny," said the Queen, "twas the gift of the nation." "I ought to have recollected the character of the nation, and that of the poor Princess's husband," said Louis Philippe, "to have known that." In the chapter room he was much tickled with a two-handed sword, seven feet long, which hangs alongside the portrait of Edward the Third, who founded the Order of the Garter, and both he and his son Montpensier (who is a nobody, but I'm told is a clever carpenter) handled it. The King, in swingin' it about, hit ould Macaw on the shins, which, coupled wid the tread on his corns, makes that fine ould Admiral keep a respectful distance from his Royal master.

At the grand dinner which took place in St. George's Hall, on Wednesday, the chafe dish (out of compliment to the nation, I suppose,) the King ate was roast beef, an' which the Queen is mighty partial to. Scholefield's Dudley ale is an especial favorite drink wid her Majesty, an' she recommended it to the ould King. "Ha!" said he, "I do not wonder at your Majesty relishin' the Doodley ale, faith an' that's what will make yees stout," a remark which Lady Charlotte Dundas had a power of difficulty in explaining to the Countess Seent All Hair, the French Ambassador's wife, who was as curious as an ould maid to know what the King was sayin'. There was mighty plisint talk durin' dinner, but the d—I a word did Bob Peel say to Guizot beyont takin' wine wid him; they kept lookin' at one another like a brace of strange cats in a garret. Faith there's somethin' in the wind, if its only raisin' it.

The Queen and the King went over to Claremont on Thursday, and begor the ould fellow (I beg his pardon—the King), was in a power of delight. He called on his way across at the house at Twickenham which he lived in whin he was over here thirty years ago. The most remarkable circumstance in the visit was the discovery of the Royal stranger by an ould washerwoman who used to lather away for the exiled Bourbon. She claimed acknowledgment of her person and profession, which the ould King did in the most honourable way imaginable, and puttin' his hand in his pocket, told her he woud remember *never to forget* her whin he came that way agin, but the d—I a rap was in his fist. But I have run too long a lingsh, and will give you, if you please, the rest of the great doings in my next dispatch. With deepest affection, your devoted servint,

TEDDY BRYAN.

THOU ART GUARDED BY A SPIRIT.

Thou'rt guarded by a Spirit, a Spirit pure and free,
Which comes at my entreaty, and watches over thee!
Her wings are white celestial, tipped with an azure hue:
Her ringlets bright and golden are bound with blossoms blue.
A wreath of these same flow'rets entwines her garments fair,
And floats in trailing fragrance upon the listless air;
Her eye's a restless splendor—her brow supernal grace,
And love supremely holy irradiates her face!
In her fair hands she holdeth a lyre with silver strings,
And sweet the song of rapture she ever softly sings.
Sweeter than breath of summer the echo of her tone,
Which falls in dreamy kindness thy weary heart upon—
"Fear not," she gently sayeth, "my wings are overspread,
To shield the storm of sorrow from thy devoted head.
Far in my home of beauty above the cloudlets high,
An incense sweet came stealing along the crimson sky,—
A perfume rich, delicious—that loaded all the air:
I caught the fragrant essence—it was the soul of prayer!
And in its midst embodied, I saw thy gentle name;
Quick as a flash of lightning from Heaven to Earth I came!
I found these slumbering restless beneath a waving tree,
In a fair blooming hamlet where joy might ever be:
Wild flowers were breathing round thee, and moonlight bathed thy form,
Yet still upon thy features I marked grief's gathering storm.
Afar from home and kindred, ah! toil was heavy here,
A sense of desolation had drawn the manly tear:
The thoughts of being slighted by those far, far away,
Had made thy labor harder, and gloomed enjoyment's day.
I swept my lyre melodious—the golden numbers fell,
And break in charmed sweetness on thine awakened soul!
I sung a pleasant story—in thy dear Northern home,
A gentle girl was kneeling beneath a sacred dome—
And as her pure devotions ascended up to Heaven,
She prayed that true religion might unto thee be given.
Around a family altar a concourse fair appears—
A father and a mother bent with the weight of years:
A brother proud and noble, a brother wild and free,
A sister fair and lovely—all knelt in prayer for thee:
And childhood's blessed lisps swelled in the holy strain,
That God would ever watch thee, and keep thee free from pain.
I sung this pleasant story—the sorrow passed away,
And full upon thy spirit flashed Hope's resplendent ray!
And so I'll ever guard thee, long as those prayers arise,
To fill with living incense the chambers of the skies."

In days gone by, I told thee (in sorrow and in pain)
This Spirit pure and holy would soothe thee with her strain:
Would calm thy restless slumbers, would chase thy grief away,
And pour upon thy senses the light of perfect day.
When toil will stamp her impress upon thine aching brow,
And banish every beauty that blooms so sweetly now:
When care, and woe, and anguish, will grasp thy shrinking heart,
And bid each joyful feeling, and every hope depart—
Behold! with noiseless footstep, she glides along the air,
And hides her gleaming fingers amid thy raven hair:
Dries every tear of sorrow, stills every struggling sigh,
And points thee ever upward to happiness on high!
Thou'rt guarded by a Spirit! then, bear this in thy mind—
Send not the Angel from thee by guilt of any kind!
She'll soothe thee in thy sorrow and help thee in thy plight,
But sin, and lo! she taketh her everlasting flight!
Then speed thee on in goodness—be faithful to thy trust,
Cast down all earthly idols, and trample them to dust:
And flinging all behind thee, all love of worldly fame,
Be firm in thine endeavor to win a goodly name:
Be true to Him who made thee, created by his breath,
Be true to Him who saved thee, from an eternal death!

C.S.

THE LAST OF THE CONTRABANDIERI.

BY L. NAKIOTTI.

It was Sunday afternoon, the hour of vespers at Bedonia, in the Val di Taro. The service had already commenced, and not a soul was to be seen out of church. A stream of female voices gushed out of the open windows of the choir. Outside, not a sound, not a living object astir. It was a scene of ineffable calmness and silence. Only near the portals an instrument of destruction was leaning against the wall—it was the redoubtable carbine of Paul Moro, the last of the bandits of the Apennines.

Religion in the country is a matter widely different from what it appears to foreign travellers in most of the Italian cities. In town the Italians have hardly any preaching at all, except in Lent, and even in that season attendance on sermons is not among the absolute commandments of the church. High mass is only continued for the edification of a few pious old ladies, and for the amusement of curious English travellers. But for the generality of the faithful every priest celebrates a daily mass, and as priests are tolerably numerous, you may perform your Christian duty at any hour of the day, having to choose between the old parson, who blunders through the services in an hour, and the young chaplain who glides through it in ten minutes.

Accordingly before daybreak, before the opening of the church, a half drowsy crowd is besieging the door, coughing, stamping, storming, for admittance. The doors are thrown open. Enter traveller and his valise, driver and his whip, housemaid and her basket, sportsman and his hound—supposing him to be civil enough to have left his gun at the entrance. Two meagre candles are lighted, a huge folio is open, some buzzing prayers are muttered, and thus ends what is called, "La messa degli affrettati."

Exactly at noon, all the ladies' toilets being over, all the new suits of clothes being donned, a large concourse of fine people repair to their favourite chapel—generally a small, insignificant building, but from that very cause, secure from vulgar intrusion. The ladies kneel at random on low benches, or are helped to chairs by their cavaliers. These latter stand at the extremity of the nave, a various, gaudy, ever-fluctuating group, bearing some resemblance to the loungers of Fop-ally at the Opera-house—talking and laughing, and from their eye-glasses darting death at the beauties on the right and left. In the interior of a small screened altar, something is going on which nobody sees or hears,

and which may be Latin or Greek, prayers or curses, for aught any body cares. When that something is over, off walks the male part of the audience, and ranges itself in two long rows at the church-door, leaving a narrow avenue for the passage of the females, who appear radiant, edified, sanctified, ready for the promenade. This is the fashionable mass, called "La messa dei belli."

Last of all the tradesman, who has been at work behind the half-closed shutters of his shop, to supply the luxuries of the wealthy, is hurried by the last peals of the bell to the nearest church, where he arrives in time to get his two-thirds of a mass celebrated for the accommodation of the people of his class, and which is called "La messa degli ostinati."

In the afternoon, all that the town possesses of proud steeds and gilt chariots, is prancing and glancing up and down the Corso; in the evening the cafes are dazzling with glaring lamps, the theatres are trembling with intoxicating music, the saloons are glowing with social entertainments.

Such is the sabbath in town. In the country, in many a sequestered village of the Lombard plain, in many a parish of the remotest Apennine—nowhere more so than in the unexplored district into which we purpose to introduce our readers—is easily found as true, as pure, as ignorant a piety as could be in the times of the earliest Christianity. The manners of those people are stationary, and know no progress either for good or evil. It is still, therefore, the fashion among them to keep holy the seventh day. No distance, no hardship of road or weather, were ever known to deter the Lombard peasant from his devotional duties. In the morning a long mass, with evangelical preaching; in the evening psalms, hymns, and the Blessing of the Host.

The church services are not, however, so long, that before and after them, time may not be left for enjoyment. In the morning there are the sports of the wood; in the afternoon athletic exercises; in the evening, the whole village assemble, in winter in a large parlour, in summer on the threshing-floor by moonlight—and there, with the music of self-taught fiddlers and pipers, seniors and matrons sitting gravely around, they appoint managers and partners, and with jigs, tarantellas, furlanas, and a variety of dances and country dances they go on till they feel completely rested and refreshed for the toil of the morrow. In all these sports the pastor is expected to join, and no joy is complete unless he is there to take his share.

I must confess I have never seen an Italian minister dance, though a Spanish padre I have, but I have seen more than one on the Apennines, rising very early with a gay company, on a bright Sunday morning, loading and shouldering his gun, and hollering after his hounds, shooting his hare with a tolerable skill, and remarkable good luck, and at the ringing of the bell hurry back to the parsonage at full gallop, wash his bloody hands at the ventry, put on in great confusion his surplice, his gown, the hundred paraphernalia of his Levitical attire, and ascend to the altar, as venerable in the eyes of his flock and fellow-hunters, as holy and infallible as ever.

The bandit himself, as we have seen, with a reward on his head, does not believe himself exempt from attending church-service, and the carbine of Paul Moro, clearly announced the presence of its owner among the pious flock of the parish of Bedonia.

Italy has not, nor indeed Europe out of Switzerland, a region of more romantic mountain-scenery than this same Val-di-Taro, in the Parmesan Apennine, and it is, perhaps, from the church door of Bedonia, that its beauties are viewed to the greatest advantage. The Taro, the mightiest of Italian torrents, there, almost at its sources rolls full and wide, several hundred fathoms below, bounding from rock to rock in a hundred cascades. In front, behind, on all sides, spreads its immense valley, imperceptibly sloping downwards, an endless succession of wild, dreary scenery, of fields, heaths, forests, and cliffs, with towns and hamlets scattered at various intervals; with steeples of convents, ruins of castles—a world of numberless objects on a measureless space. On the right, some twenty miles off, the river hides its sources in the crest of the Apennine, which bending boldly to the south-west, rises gradually up to the stupendous heights that encircle the Holy Lake, which seen as they are from Bedonia, have the appearance of an immense eagle, stooping on his eyrie, and slowly unfolding his mighty pinions in the act of winging its flight. Beneath are the passes of La Cisa, and further, a long range of impervious crags, the coasts of Berco and Cassio, down to Pietra Nera, behind which glimmers the light, ocean-like haze, eternally lingering on the Lombard plain.

Nowhere, perhaps, not even in Abruzzo, or Calabria, are to be found such a tall, handsome, active family of men as in the district we have attempted to describe; and nothing can be more deplorable than the contrast between that wild population, and the stunted, half-starved specimens who are to be seen as organ-players and showmen all over Europe, decaying from that their native region by unconscientious rogues, a kind of white slavers, trading in human flesh.

The mountaineers of the upper districts of the Val di-Taro, no matter what may otherwise be the condition of Italy—are an independent race. They are the same stubborn people against whom the rage of the victorious French armies, under the guidance of the bloody Junot, had for many years to struggle with dubious success; and although brought to allegiance after the Restoration, they are still virtually at war against all governments; and gendarmes, gaugers, or excisemen, seldom venture with impunity within the stronghold of their mountain fastnesses. Too poor for taxation, too testy and stubborn for military service, the government of Parma would hardly deem it worth while to interfere with them in any manner, and would gladly leave them to the rule of their priests, and their traditional, clan-like, social compact, were it not for the alarming extent to which they carry on their contraband trade.

Placed on the confine between the Tuscan, Sardinian, Modenese, Parmesan, and Lucchese states, every highlander of that district is at heart a smuggler. Naturally a people of the most peaceable disposition, frank, patriarchal, hospitable, as the Arabs of the desert, they are only induced to take arms for the vindication of what they consider, their inalienable right of free trade. The Italian governments have in their improvidence laid the heaviest duties on salt, tobacco, gunpowder, and other articles of the same description, and raised toll-gates and custom-offices at every corner of their Lilliputian states. To evade the exactions, and to baffle the vigilance of the officers, to convey the forbidden articles from one state to another, to counteract the mean spirit of monopoly on the part of the governments, and establish a kind of unlawful Zollverein throughout the country, is the main occupation, the dearest object, the pride of the Val-tarrese. Whoever defrauds the revenue by clandestine smuggling is held a clever man and a worthy one; but whoever carries on the contraband in full daylight, by main force, in the very teeth of an armed authority, is looked upon as a hero.

Of this latter description, there never had been, from time immemorial, a more daring pattern than the one who was now attending vespers in the parish church at Bedonia.

Paul Moro was notorious throughout central Italy. He owned a score of mules of the best Genoese breed. A hundred mountaineers were ever ready at his beck to join his band for any desperate enterprise. He entertained a wide correspondence with masters of smuggling vessels in Corsica and Port Mahon. At the head of his trusty outlaws, he would ride on a moonlight night to some desert spot on the Riviera of Genoa. Bales from Havannah or Virginia would pass from the hold of a tempest-tossed schooner to the backs of his sure-footed cattle. Then making straight for La Cisa, or Mount Cento Croci, the mighty caravan travelled day and night, without intermission, on the main road, announced at a considerable distance by the hundred bells jingling at the necks of its gaily-caparisoned mules; till on its arrival at the toll house on the borders, the reckless chieftain would march forward alone, and knocking lustily at the bolted door with the butt-end of his rifle, tauntingly call out to the trembling gauger within to come out and smoke one of his best Havannahs with him.

Strong bodies of gendarmes and even detachments of regular soldiery had been posted at those often violated stations. Ambush and military stratagem had been resorted to. Combined manoeuvres had been planned by the officers of different governments to circumvent and surprise the lawless band in its roving expeditions. The consequences had been bloody affrays, from which the contrabandist had invariably come off with signal success. His perfect knowledge of every inch of ground, his cool intrepidity, the consummate discipline in which men and beasts in his suite were trained, and the unerring aim of his rifles enabled him to withstand the attack of widely superior forces. Entrenched behind their heavy loaded mules, the smugglers could at any time improvise a fortified camp, even where the bare rocks, or the level heath offered no better shelter, and there was no instance on record of any of the band, dead or alive, or of any part of the cargo being suffered to fall into the hands of the enemy. By degrees, the suddenness of his movements, the impetuosity of his onset, and the ruthlessness of his executions (for no quarter was given on the battle-field), had completely demoralised all his opponents, and the name alone of Paul Moro had power to disband a whole regiment in sheer panic consternation.

It must not, however, be supposed that personal bravery or strategic abilities, could alone have raised him to such a formidable extent of power. The secret of his long career of success lay in the popularity of his character and pursuits. In a land of smugglers he was the king of smugglers. He was a personification of the spirit of the wild population among whom lay the scene of his exploits. He was the life and soul of that "free trade" by which alone Val-di-Taro could flourish and thrive. No one had ever carried it on with such open defiance, with such enlarged views, with such systematic perseverance, with such constant prosperity. Every man felt that contraband had been nothing before him, and no man could say what it might become without him.

Every inhabitant of the district, therefore, watched the life of Paul Moro with all the zeal and activity of self-preservation. Every herd-man on the hill, every fisher in the streams, would have walked a hundred miles to convey him timely information of the presence of an enemy; every labourer in the field, every charcoal-burner in the woods, would have foresworn himself a thousand times to mislead and bewilder his pursuers. A party of Red Indians on their war-path do not display half the inventive powers employed by those mountaineers to secure their champion against any chance of surprise. Flags by day, fires by night, broken twigs in the forest, signal sounds without number, constituted the language by which those volunteering spies and auxiliaries communicated with the band on every stage of its march. The whole region, indeed, seemed organized into a kind of Providence hovering with parental solicitude on the progress of its venturesome children, so readily and so seasonably every crag and thicket seemed to produce a bare-footed messenger, breathless with the momentous tidings it was his good fortune to bear.

So much for the smuggler on his campaigns. At home he could be under no apprehension of danger. His house, his native village, the whole territory for twenty miles around was inviolable land of refuge. Bailiffs and gendarmes trod upon it as on a smouldering volcano. No sooner had any of these worthies set his foot on that dreaded territory, than he felt nearly as comfortable as Damocles under Dionysius' sword. He met, indeed, with no show of hostility, no insult was offered him,—nay, so long as he evinced no unfriendly disposition, the highlander's hospitality was bountifully extended to him. Only all his steps were numbered, his movements closely followed, and at the slightest alarm the very ground on which he stood would have yawned under him; and his annihilation would be so certain and sudden, that his fate would remain a mystery to the end of time.

It was long, however, since any such event had occurred. It was long since any attempt had been made at an invasion of that privileged district. Government had long since been deterred from any interference with those unsophisticated children of nature, and the officers of justice, satisfied with an occasional ride through the valley, intended, as it were, for a vain assertion of nominal sovereignty, had long been accustomed to look on those sequestered villages as placed beyond the limits of their actual jurisdiction.

It was then rather as an ornament than for any expectation of its being pressed into service, that Paul Moro's carbine was left in waiting at the church door of Bedonia. Indeed, were even an assault meditated in any other part of the country, against any malefactor, the sacredness of the house of worship would, in any instance, screen him from danger; the women and children, and the very parish priest himself would, under such circumstances, turn out and fight for his defence.

The carbine, however, was there. That weapon had its ample share of its owner's reputation. It was a long-barrelled, silver mounted rifle, the like of which is not easily to be met with in the civilised world. The moors of Abd-El-Kader and the guerrilleros of Cabrera might be so equipped for war; but in any other country, old-fashioned instruments like that are laid down as mere curiosities of ancient armory. Paul Moro would not have exchanged his rifle against the best of Manton's master-pieces. The barrel bore the name of its maker, Lazzarino Comi nazzo, an armourer who flourished in Italy long before the renowned Spanish foundries attained their ascendancy. It was soft and smooth as velvet, and it seemed as if time and rust could never impair its rich brown, or affect the rings of its snake-like damaskening. The stock, or at least its curious inlayings, were of more recent workmanship—most probably renewed according to the taste of its successive owners, the names of several of which were engraved on silver plates near the lock. The name of all those owners lived in the wildest traditions of the country, and in the hands of each of them, as well as in those of its present possessor, "La Lazzarina," as the rifle was called, had performed such prodigies, as could hardly be expected of a barrel merely cast in mortal forges, and tempered by human contrivance.

Meanwhile, the elevation of the Host had closed the ceremonies of the eve—

ning service. As the last tinkling of the bell died off, a faint rush was heard, announcing the rising of the congregation from their kneeling posture. Presently, bare-headed, silent, and with downcast eyes, they began to issue from the church, and after crossing the little church-yard, they all heaved a sigh, as they found themselves in the open air, as if glad to be relieved from the long constraint of overwrought devotion. The old people tarried awhile on the threshold to escort their beloved pastor to his dwelling, but the more impatient members of the new generation filed off in a bustle, and paired off in different directions, engaged in genial conversation.

It must be observed, that amongst the rural population of Italy, where primitive manners to a great extent prevail, the Sunday is a day set apart for amorous, no less than for religious, purposes. Love and piety are so closely connected in that country, that ever since the days of Petrarca and Boccaccio, connubial transactions were wont to begin where they ought to finish—in a church. Even at the present day, in the country, the companion a swain chooses for a walk home after vespers, is understood to be his intended partner for life. All affectionate intercourse between rustic lovers is limited to that day and that hour. Engaged in their laborious pursuits, they have, in week days, hardly leisure to acknowledge each other's presence, when meeting, by a hasty good morning; but the seventh day is sacred to the interchange of soft feelings. The church door is a universal trysting-place. Parents and guardians never presume to interfere with acquaintances contracted under its sacred auspices. Such a system of courtship, of course, precludes all possibility of secrecy. Indeed, the Italians—I mean the people of the old school—do not admit of the co-existence of love and mystery. Two walks home from vespers with the same girl on successive Sundays, and you are booked for life.

Paul Moro was among the first to leave the church; he shouldered his piece with unaffected carelessness, and a few steps brought him by the side of the loveliest creature in Val-di-Taro.

They were a remarkable pair, and formed rather a pleasing contrast. The contrabandist was tall, dark, athletic. He was in his thirtieth year; the hue of exuberant health glowed on his bronzed cheek. No trace was on his look of the violent life he led. He had a manly, open, and cheerful countenance, expressive of all that gentleness and benevolence which is inseparable from genuine valour.

His companion had the complexion of an angel; somewhat pale, perhaps, but dazzlingly fair. Her eyes were a deep blue, and locks of the purest gold fell on a neck and shoulders of unblemished whiteness. She had an exquisite cast of features, animated by an expression of consummate archness. Her eyes beamed with an intelligence and energy which might appear somewhat premature and unfeminine. She was aged eighteen, and her name was Maria Stella.

There was an awful story connected with the birth of that singular girl. Her mother, a milkmaid of the neighbourhood of Borgotaro, had fallen in with a party of marauders from some of the invading armies of the allies in 1814; whether Cossacs or Croats, it was never satisfactorily ascertained. She remained with them three days, after which she succeeded in effecting her escape. She repaired to her mother's home, haggard, dishevelled, in a state of raving insanity; and continued a helpless maniac for nine months, at the end of which period she was delivered of a daughter, and died in giving her birth. The child was christened Maria Stella.

The miserable orphan was brought up by her grandmother, an indigent widow, who was her nearest relative. In her infancy, Maria Stella was removed to Bedonia, where she had grown up unconscious of her origin. Her aged relative and guardian had done all in her power to spoil her. Indulged in all her childish whims, and early made aware of the charms of her person, she had become as ardent a coquette as these innocent mountains had ever beheld. Paul Moro, to whose liberalities her grandmother was indebted for her subsistence, had centered all his thoughts on that blooming girl. He was not, indeed, blind to the waywardness and wantonness of her disposition; but he attributed it to the natural buoyancy of her age. In his native honesty and single-mindedness the good contrabandist was far from penetrating to the depth, and estimating to its full extent a character which seemed, in fact, as yet hardly developed, and which was too easily concealed under the appearances of girlish petulance and self-will.

"It is a lovely evening," observed Maria Stella, as she drew down her *velut* on her brow, and spread her rustic fan to screen her face from the rays of the setting sun, well knowing at what a high premium her snow-white complexion was in that southern climate; "we will have a stroll on the Pelpi, and come back by moonlight."

"And what," asked Paul, "is to become of your grandma' all the while?" "Oh, Nonna knows very well how to take care of herself," said the girl, pettishly. "She will be telling her beads till bedtime. Amusing, is it not? I wish you would go and keep her company. I can find my way very well without you—and, by the bye, you are not going to take that rusty old scabbard-crow with you," she said, tapping contemptuously with her fan on the barrel of the rifle, till it rang again like a silver bell.

"Why," said Paul, "I never knew you object to Lazzarina before." "But I tell you I won't have it!" insisted the spoiled beauty; then pointing to a countryman that met them on the road—"there comes Bonagiunta, the cowherd, in good time," she said. "Trust it with him. Now then, make up your mind: you part with your gun, or you part with me."

"Be on your guard, Paul Moro," whispered the rustic, walking up to the contrabandist. "I have just come from Compiano. The garrison has received a reinforcement of dragoons from Borgotaro. Captain Scotti is with them. Be on the look out, I tell ye. Mark my words, they are after no good."

"The dragoons are loath to cross my path, Bonagiunta," said Paul, coolly. "As for Captain Scotti, there are old scores to settle between us. I have spared him twice. It is for him to beware.—But what ails thee, wench!" he said, turning suddenly to Maria Stella, "You look pale; fear not, my child; they will not interfere with us, and if they do, why Lazzarina is a friend in need. Now, you see, we can't very well dispense with it."

The girl bit her lips. The two betrothed continued their walk, the smuggler glancing occasionally at the road before him, and the girl with her eyes on the ground; both silent. The path wound athwart the Pelpi, a vast extent of meagre pasture ground, sloping boldly to the river, all bare and bleak, without one bush to break its monotonous nudity. After an extent of above three miles, the coast broke into a narrow glen, beyond which there arose a lofty forest of old chestnut trees, spreading on a wide extent of land as far as the ancient fortress of Compiano. Here was the foremost station of civilised life. That castle, which was also a prison of state, was tenanted by a thin garrison,

* A picturesque head-gear used by the peasant girls in several mountainous districts in Italy, and consisting of a square top laid obliquely on the crown of the head, with wide folds falling gracefully on both sides and behind.

occasionally strengthened by a body of gendarmes, or as they are named, dragoons. Further down the broad valley is situated the town of Borgotaro, the little metropolis of the whole district. In the centre of the above-mentioned glen, and about half-way between Compiano and the village of Bedonia, embosomed in a cluster of luxuriant trees, was a chapel dedicated to St. Mary. The shrine stood still and solitary, venerable with age, awful with its unbroken silence and gloom.

By the time the two lovers had arrived in sight of the chapel, the girl had rallied her spirit, damped, as her lover thought, by the announcement of danger, however remote; she walked by the side of her protector, skipping and bounding like a very child, railing and teasing him in her desultory conversation.

"But, my dear child—" remonstrated Paul.

"But, dear papa, this evening I am in the humour for a very, very long walk; we will go, at least as far as St. Mary's."

"But, child," insisted the contrabandist, "you'll hardly be back at midnight."

"Well, and what of it! Are you afraid of being with me alone in the dark, or—on my word, I believe you are afraid of ghosts: they do say, indeed, the old chapel is haunted."

"Afraid!" said Paul, without swaggering: "I should be sorry to believe that I am afraid of any man, alive or dead."

"You do believe in ghosts, though!"

"And why should I not?" replied the brave man, in the simplicity of his heart. "Am I not a man and a Christian! Is not the soul immortal and God omnipotent! But I fear them not; an uneasy conscience needs alone fear them. I never harmed any living being. I am a quiet man, and follow a peaceful trade. If an evil-minded gauger chooses to act the part of the highway robber, and cross an honest muleteer on his path, why his blood be on his head. It grieves me, though, to hear you trading with matters connected with another world. The books they gave you at Borgotaro—I never looked into them—I am a poor, ignorant mountaineer—but I fear they can do you no good. There are men who study till they learn to fear neither God nor devil, and—"

"There now," interrupted Stella, "what a good parson you'd make!"

"I do not like your books," continued Paul Moro, with rising warmth, "and I do not like the company you frequent at Borgotaro. It was ill-advised of your grandmother to allow you to go alone to that idle town; had I been in the way, this should never have been. We have heard of your fine doings there. You have no regard for me, Stella, or you would not forget yourself so far as to be seen dancing and flirting with Captain Scotti, or any other thief-taker with epaulettes like him."

Again the girl turned pale; but, immediately recovering, she retorted angrily.

"There now; a jealous man never hits on his real rival. Why do not you mention Dr. Bisturi, he who gave the bail for my sake! He who swore by the light of my blue eyes he would make a lady of me! Ha! ha! the old doctor ready to lay his wig and spectacles, and his hoards of crowns at my feet. I tell you what, sir, you had better beware how you worry me, or I shall begin to think that the doctor, old as he is, could hardly make as grumbling a husband as you. You know I can't bear scolding, and won't put up with it. As for the officers," she added with a faulting voice and an averted face, "what if I accept them as partners for a *monferrina*, or if I seem to listen to the nonsense of their townebred gallantry. Is it not all for your sake! that I may know their designs and watch their movements. Wherever I be, am I not always concerned for your safety!"

"I beg," replied Moro, earnest and haughty, "that you never again trouble yourself about it. Your friends, the officers, are but too happy to leave me alone. They know that I am neither deaf nor blind, and that Lazzarina is not a staff. He must indeed be tired of life who ventures within reach of its shoe. And were the rifle even to fail," added the bandit, raising his arm, and pointing to a long Genoese knife peeping out of his pocket on the left side, "there is enough, I hope to settle any slaver who would court a closer hug with the bear. No, they know they cannot have me, unless they catch me asleep, and they cannot take me by surprise unless they find a traitor in these mountains; and I could as soon apprehend treason from any man in Val-di-Faro, Stella, as I could suspect you."

Maria Stella winced.

"No," continued the bold mountaineer, in a softened tone, "it is not such services that I expect from you, it is not by such means that you can provide for my tranquillity. My hand is sufficient to take care of my head. It is my heart that is left in your keeping; and if for our mutual happiness—"

"Hush, hush; see there!" exclaimed the girl, with her usual levity, pointing with her fan to a mountain hawk which was sailing loftily over their heads. "You see, yonder, that kite, or buzzard, or whatever it is!" said the girl. "It is a noble hawk," said the contrabandist, with the veneration for that bird peculiar to the mountaineers. "Its pinions are as broad as an eagle's."

"Make haste with your rifle and bear him down!"

"The bold falcon does us no harm," remonstrated Paul Moro, who himself a rover, had a fellow feeling for the daring pirate of the air.

"It is a fine shot," insisted the wilful girl, "and I long to see a trial of your skill. Do you hear, sir! Down with your rifle and fire!"

The good-natured lover complied reluctantly with the girl's caprice. He raised the muzzle of his gun to a level with the bird, and followed for a second its rotary soaring in the air. Suddenly his heart seemed to smite him. He lowered his piece, and turning to his impatient mistress, "Grace," he said, "grace, for the harmless creature!"

"Harmless plunderer of dove-cots and poultry-yards forsooth. I have no patience with you."

"Every living being follows the instinct with which God Almighty has gifted him," returned the bandit, solemnly; "we have no right to sit in judgment against him."

"None of your nonsense," urged the girl snappishly, "fire forthwith, or I'll dispense with your company in my way back."

The contrabandist again took his unerring aim. The hawk was by this time right over his head, at a very great height. He wheeled round and round, lingeringly and almost imperceptibly, courting as it were the fate that awaited him, unfolding his mighty wings to their utmost extent, and offering thus as wide a target as the marksman could desire. Paul fired. The report of the rifle awakened the distant echoes on both sides of the wide stream. The hawk made an upward start, then suddenly sinking heavily, helplessly, he bounded down, turning over and over through the air, until he plunged with a dead splash into the roaring torrent, many hundred feet beneath the ground on which his destroyer stood.

While Paul with a melancholy eye followed the downfall of the bird, Stella cast a hurried glance towards the forest.

"The brave soaring falcon will never go back to his eyrie," said Paul, turning away his head. "His race is run, and the messenger of death reached him just, perhaps, as he exulted in the full consciousness of his powers. So much for those who put their trust in mortal strength."

"I am only sorry we can have none of his feathers," observed the girl, with great coolness. "I wanted a plume for the cap of my own champion. But come," she added, taking hold of his arm, and hurrying him away, just as he prepared to reload his piece. "We are not a hundred yards from the chapel, and we must not go back without kneeling to the image of our Lady."

The mountaineer followed her without a reply, but in a state of unusual depression. Stella, aware of the gloominess of his disposition, endeavoured to dispel it, by her incessant volubility.

"There is the enchanted forest," said she, "the nest of sprites and goblins, the haunt of ghosts and ghouls, and all evil spirits that roam by night." Then raising her merry voice amidst peals of laughter, she sang:—

"Day or night, no man should rove
Through the dismal chestnut grove."

"Peace, Stella!" interrupted the smuggler, drawing her back hastily.

"Mercy, what is the matter?" faltered the girl, ready to faint with terror.

Every trace of colour had fled from the cheeks of Paul Moro. His first movement had been to lower the muzzle of his gun in the direction of the chapel; his hand next ran to the hilt of his dagger, but his self-possession instantly returned, and, ashamed of the moment of weakness he had evinced,

"Pah!" he exclaimed, "I am growing chicken-hearted, I believe, as I am growing old. Didn't I fancy I saw a bayonet gleaming through the branches of that old chestnut-tree?"

"I told you so," retorted the girl, who had rallied her spirits as soon as her companion. "The grove, the dismal grove! that is the place for strange sounds and queer sights."

They had reached the outskirts of the forest, and stood in front of the chapel. The sun had set behind a huge mass of summer clouds, and the moon was yet struggling through a dense haze down in the east. It was the first and yet the darkest hour of night. The last peals of the Ave Maria from many a parish church on the hills, died languidly away mellowed by distance, and the soft sigh of eve seemed to spread over the silent landscape. Obeying the influence of the ineffable calmness around him, the contrabandist laid his carbine against the wall, and threw his cap on the rude stone bench which ran all along the front of the shrine. He sat down, drew the pale-faced girl on his knees, and rested his head on her shoulder, musing.

The chapel was a plain, square, stone building, roofed with slate, with no opening but the front door, which was secured by a heavy gate of iron rails, fastened by a latch outside. The building was in a dilapidated state, notwithstanding the high repute of the miraculous powers of the hallowed image it enshrined, and the yearly pilgrimages and processions it received from the neighbouring parishes. Right before the door it had a clear semicircular space about thirty yards in diameter; but beyond that, as well as behind and on both sides the little sanctuary, the forest, dark, frowning, and almost impervious, invaded the ground.

"Come, Paul," said the girl, in a voice which appeared subdued by the solemnity of the hour and of the place. "Let us go in. Three Ave Marias, and then we'll see what Nonna has got for our supper."

The man rose. He lifted up the latch, and pushed the gate open. The girl followed on his footsteps and yet, even yet as she set her foot on the sill, she stopped for a few seconds to take a survey of the surrounding trees.

They knelt side by side on the bare pavement in the centre of the chapel: they bowed their heads before the rudely-carved and gaudily-dressed image on the altar-piece—The clear, silver voice of Maria Stella could be heard responding to the deep tones of the pious contrabandist. The girl was many shades paler than usual as they emerged from the shrine. Paul was about to resume his cap and his rifle when his mistress laid her hand on his arm.

"Stop, dear Paul," she stammered, "I have left my fan in the chapel."

The contrabandist hastened back to the spot they had just left. As he was stooping to raise the fan from the ground he heard the iron door violently slammed behind him. Maria Stella stood laughing outside.

"Come, child, none of your pranks," cried the mountaineer, his eye flashing with sudden anger. "This is neither the place nor the time for trifling. You know I cannot brook confinement, not even in jest."

As he said this he laid his powerful grasp on the iron rails, and gave them a hearty pull but in vain.

"There now you are my prisoner," shouted the wild girl, clapping her hands in all the enjoyment of her mad frolic. "I have half a mind to leave you there to spend the night with the ghosts."

The countenance of the contrabandist became now terrific. "Lift up the latch, giddy girl, or by Heaven—"

Maria Stella was appalled by that menacing scowl; she hastened to comply with his desire, and fumbled for some time at the latch, but, after a few ineffectual efforts she drew back impatiently.

"The devil is in the lock, I do believe," she exclaimed, "lend me your knife, Paul; my fingers are all a-bleeding."

Paul thrust the handle of his dagger through the bars of the door. The girl clutched it eagerly. In that instant the grove became alive with armed men.

"There he is!" said Maria Stella, addressing her words to their leader. "He can't help himself now. Don't hurt him at least. Remember you promised!"—[Remainder next week.]

KITTY DANGEROUS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER PRIGGINS," &c.

"Well! to me such conduct is positively shocking—I might add, disgusting—only I abominate strong language," said the antiquated Miss Longiver.

"What do you mean, my lady?" inquired her companion, using a title which she had no right to use; but which she did use now and then as if by mistake, because she knew it pleased her employer.

"Wilkinson, dear, how often have I—but never mind—I might have been a lady had I chosen. Just observe that young woman over the way, she has spoken to—or rather been spoken to by—no less than six men in six minutes. The street-keeper ought to be severely reprimanded for allowing such improprieties in public—I might say indecencies, only, as I said before, I abominate strong language."

"She is very pretty," said Wilkinson, and she sighed as she said so, for she, herself, was very plain in form and feature.

"Pretty, indeed! and does that justify such very improper proceedings? Who is she?" asked Miss Longiver sharply.

"I really do not know, madam; we have been but two days in Tumberville, and I can hardly be expected to know—"

"You can inquire, I presume. You really, Wilkinson, are what—if I did not abominate vulgarities—I should call a very slow coach."

"Not a male coach, madam, at any rate," replied Wilkinson, hoping to extort a smile from her employer.

"Miss Wilkinson," said the lady, frowning ominously, "if ever you venture again to perpetrate a worn-out witticism in my presence, I advertise at once for another companion—so look out."

"Of the window, or for another situation?" asked Wilkinson, in humble tones.

"Impertinent!" said Miss Longiver; "but I pardon it—as the result of my having used a vulgarly, a thing I so deeply abominate. But there!—do look out of the window—there! I declare if that tall young woman in the gipsy-hat is not speaking and laughing with the seventh man. I must leave these lodgings if the library over the way is to be the scene of such gross—I will know who she is at any rate—*sonnez, sonnez*, my love."

Wilkinson rushed to the bell, and in her eagerness to oblige her employer, gave the ribbon so hard a jerk, that it came down with a run, as the sailors say. Miss Longiver took advantage of the short period which elapsed between the tug and the appearance of the maid, to assure Miss Wilkinson that whatever expenses had been incurred by her unnecessary violence, she, Miss Longiver, was not going to liquidate out of her purse. Wilkinson, however, jumped upon a chair, and with a turn of the wire, restored the bell-pull to its former appearance.

"Very cleverly done," said the lady; "it looks as useful as ever. Only, for the future, remember that I abominate strong pulls as much as I do strong language. Where can that good-for-nothing, idle hussey of a maid be?"

"Here I be, mum," said Phoebe, arranging her apron.

"Why did you not answer the bell sooner? I am sure it rung loud and long enough."

"It did tingle a good un—that's for certain; but how could I come sooner when I was down upon my knees and up to my elbows in—"

"Never mind what you were down upon or up to—but come here—quick—or the creature will be gone."

"I was not up to nothing wrong," said Phoebe, tossing her head and walking slowly, very slowly, for she was indignant, across the room.

"Do not indulge in vulgarly, young woman, I abominate it; but tell me who that dressed up person, standing on the steps of the library-door, is," said Miss Longiver.

"Which does you mean? Pint her out," said Phoebe.

"We mean the very pretty girl in the gipsy-hat," said Wilkinson.

"Oh! that," said Phoebe, turning up her little nose—"That's only Kitty Dangerous."

"And who is she?"

"No better than she mought be, I'll be bound," said Phoebe, winking at both the ladies, and giving her head a shake.

"Not an unfortunate—"

"Oh! no," said Phoebe, "not by no means—she's well enough to do in the world."

"A milliner and dress-maker, I presume?" said Wilkinson.

"Oh, dear no," said Phoebe, "she's a lady and no mistake—wears silk stockings—puts out her washing, and plays on the pi-anner."

"A little damaged in reputation?" inquired Miss Longiver.

"Not as I knows on, mum," said Phoebe.

"Then how can you dare to use strong language, a thing I abominate, and insinuate she is no better than she ought to be?"

"I never said no such thing, mum, I'll take my davy. All I means is, as Kitty's so pretty, forsooth, that all the men—"

"Never mind the men, Phoebe, don't be improper."

"All the men is so taken with her, that when she's by one, one can't get a look, let alone a smile, even from the baker's boy," said Phoebe, turning to the mirror, and examining her very plain face in it.

"Jealous," whispered Wilkinson.

"Sans doute," said the employer.

"If I was the mother of her," said Phoebe, still looking into the mirror, "I wouldn't allow her to take the liberties—"

"Liberties!—does she take liberties?" almost shrieked the two ladies.

"I said liberty, mum—liberty and liberties is very different things. She takes the liberty of going out whenever she chooses, and of talking with the men—that is, the gentlemen—for our townsfolk isn't good enough for such as she," said Phoebe.

"Young woman," said Miss Longiver, solemnly.

"I isn't a young woman, mum, I'm middle-aged, like some other people, only I don't care who knows it," replied Phoebe; "and I'm off, for I expect the back-parlour to ring in a minute, and it's about the time as the baker calls."

"Stop, Phoebe, stop—who is that rather good-looking man to whom Miss—what-do-you-call-her—"

"Kitty Dangerous, mum."

"Well, then, Miss Kitty Dangerous, is speaking."

"Can't say, mum, but he's a beauty, ain't he?"

"You may go, Phoebe," said the lady.

"I suppose I may," said Phoebe, "and if I'm wanted again, you can ring; only don't pull too hard, and try t'other rope. I was at the door when that ingenious individual there replaced the pull—that's all."

Away bounced Phoebe, and poor Wilkinson, finding her plans for concealing the damage done to the bell-pull discovered, was very much chagrined. Miss Longiver observed her chagrin, and, to her employer's surprise, consoled her with a promise of having the weak bell-pull replaced by a strong one, "although she really did abominate any thing strong."

Miss Wilkinson could not find in the deepest depth of her bosom any adequate reason for such an unexampled instance of her employer's good-nature and generosity, until Miss Longiver, casting a look at the handsome man who was talking to Miss Kitty Dangerous, suggested to her the positive necessity of their going over to the library to exchange the very dull book the librarian had sent them for something more lively. Then Wilkinson began to imagine that she had discovered a motive. We shall see if she imagined rightly.

Tumberville was an infant watering-place, so young, indeed, that like a baby in long, it wanted a nurse to cherish it, and bring it to a mature growth. Miss Longiver, though her protracted maidenhood rendered her unfit to nurse any thing but cats and puppy dogs, having read "St. Ronan's Well," fancied that by patronising the New Brighton she might emulate the pre-eminence in so-

cely acquired by the Lady Penelope Penfeather. She therefore hired the best apartments in the place—the first floor of a speculating linen-draper, who let her have them rather cheaper than usual, in hopes that her name and influence—for she kept a carriage and a companion—might bring customers to his establishment. Although she had an excellent income, the lady was decidedly stingy, or as she called it—abominating strong terms—economical; and, when she took the apartments, made up her mind to screw a part of the rent out of her table, much to poor Wilkinson's horror, who had an excellent appetite, and to Phoebe's disgust, for she was fed chiefly upon what "came down" after the lodgers' meals were over. The coachman being engaged to "board himself," did not care one rush about the interior arrangements, and as he was sure his mistress could not calculate the exact quantity that two horses ought to eat, as he told his friends, "he took his board out in oats and split beans."

Miss Longiver had offended her family by exercising an insupportable despotism over every little twig of it; or, to speak more correctly, they had offended her by not submitting tamely to be treated despotically even by a relation, who had independent property in her own right. She accordingly quit the roof of her brother, with whom she had resided some months after her mother's death, and for the reasons above explained, took up her residence in the newly invented watering-place—classically called Tumberville, after one Mr. Tumber, a speculating builder, who was resolved to add to his fortune by raising a town, and to his fame by emulating royalty, and "creating a pier."

The little fishing village abutting on Mr. Tumber's land was astonished out of its propriety when it saw an hotel, with a large assembly room in its front, a grand public bath, a library, with billiard rooms attached, and a fine row of lofty houses, perched upon a bit of rising ground, which it had been in the habit of calling "the hill," but which was now dignified into "the cliff." It could hardly believe its eyes when it saw all these fine buildings erected, and some of them occupied in the short space of twelve months, but it opened its eyes very wide indeed when it found that the demands of the new residents were fully equal to its supplies, and that it could charge with impunity, exactly double its value for every thing—fish, fruit, fowls, and farinaceous food. It had looked upon Tumber as a fool or a madman, but when it began to reap the golden harvest of its folly or madness, it set him down as an exceedingly clever man, and presented him with a handsome piece of plate at the suggestion of a half pay captain, who was in hopes of being appointed master of the ceremonies in the New Brighton, and who was ably seconded by a respectable fruiterer, who dealt largely in donkeys, and of course applauded the captain's speech with a loud series of "brayvos."

"But who was Miss Kitty Dangerous?" asks some impatient reader.

While Miss Longiver is putting on the last "shade of an idea" of rouge, and Wilkinson is cloaking and bonneting, we will answer the question. She was the only child of a defunct naval officer, and dwelt with her mother in a neat little cottage on the outskirts of Tumberville, the garden of which, and a little meadow adjoining it, ran down to the beach.

She was but a mere child when she was deprived of her father, and being an only child of her mother, and she a widow, it is not to be wondered at that she was petted, fondled, and indulged, in the way in which *only* children are indulged. She gave evident signs of beauty in her childhood, which were confirmed as she grew up. She was, when she grew to womanhood, to use the following words,

As tall and as straight as a poplar-tree,
And her cheeks were as red as a rose.

To say that she was admired by every one in the neighbourhood, is to use but faint terms in her praise. She was, in fact, "the toast," of the country round, and every one who could procure an introduction to Kitty Dangerous looked upon himself as a lucky man. The young women who resided about her were, of course, rather jealous of her, and attributed to the influence of her beauty and boldness, as they were pleased to term her innocent freedom, the losses and crosses which true love meets with in this our lower world.

Kitty would have been spoiled by her only parent, and might perhaps have "gone wrong," to use a favourite phrase, had it not been for the clergyman of the parish, who used his influence with her mother, and induced her to allow her daughter to be educated with his own children, with whom in after life—that is, after her education was completed—she lived on terms of the most intimate friendship. Frederick and Jane Somers were her only real allies, and with them she used to gallop over the sands on her donkey—the only rideable animal her mother's small income would enable her to keep—up the hills, over the downs, and indeed, wherever her fancy led her. Happy, truly happy, were the three friends in their innocent amusements, but like all other joys this life affords us, they were not to last forever. Frederick Somers was sent to college, and Jane was placed in a situation as governess, in order that Mr. Somers might devote the whole that he could spare from his scanty income to his son's university education.

The parting was a trial to all parties. Jane wept upon her companion's neck ere she quitted her; but report says Frederick hung upon her lips, and with his last kiss whispered a promise that, if his career were successful at college, Kitty should speedily exchange the name of Dangerous for that of Somers. Report goes on to add that Frederick entered Oxford with a light heart in consequence of something that Kitty whispered in reply.

When her friends had left her, Kitty was indeed alone; for her mother was an invalid, and unable to accompany her daughter in her rambles. The parsonage was her only resource, and thither she wandered day after day in hopes of hearing something of her early friends. As the little village was at that time a retired spot, she wandered to the parsonage in safety, and met only those who were glad to exchange friendly greetings with her; but when Mr. Tumber, the speculating builder, chose to convert the quiet fishing spot into a would-be fashionable watering-place, Kitty did not choose to be restrained in her pleasant rides, and by galloping about the country in all directions, did not fail to draw upon herself the observation of every stranger who came down to visit the place, and thereby acquired, without knowing it, the name of "the bold lady of the old place."

One or two of the smirking young gentlemen, who acted as architects' clerks while the buildings were in progress, had the impudence to presume on Miss Kitty's vivacity, and offended her by that insolent style of treatment which is so peculiarly disgusting and annoying to a right minded female. One, indeed, ventured to snatch her hand and place it to his lips, but a severe blow from a hand-whip taught him a lesson he did not easily forget. Another, presuming to come to the cottage and request an introduction to its youthful occupant, was ushered into the parlour, and requested to explain the object of his unsolicited visit. The explanation was received with such a burst of contemptuous mirth that he was glad to escape with so slight a punishment for his temerity.

The description which these two young "gents" gave to their companions of the mode in which their rude advances had been received, freed Miss Kitty

from any further attempts to be addressed against her will, and wherever she passed on her donkey, whether attended by her servant or not, she was allowed to pass without any manifestation of jocularity on the part of those, who before her resolute conduct was made known to them, would not have scrupled to say or look something very impudent indeed.

A protector poor Kitty did not need, for every man, woman, and child, in "the old place," loved and respected her. Her mother's means were but small, but it never was known that in case of sickness or distress the widow's cruise failed, or that the daughter's hand was wanting to administer its contents. When the new place was built, or rather being built, the fame of Kitty as a kind and generous girl was not lessened, but rather increased. Not an accident occurred to the poor workmen—not a child was born to them, or taken from them by sickness, but Kitty was ready to administer medicines, and to proffer comfort to the humble creatures in their great need and necessity.

We think we have said enough to give our readers an insight into the character of the "young person," as Miss Longiver called her, and must now work out our little tale by returning to that lady's visit to the library, at whose door she had been shocked by observing Miss Kitty's fascinations.

"Wilkinson, my dear, request that young person to let us pass," said Miss Longiver, when she arrived at the steps of the door leading to the public library.

"Will you allow us, miss?" said the companion, laying a violent stress upon the last word.

The young man with whom Miss Kitty was talking quietly raised a glass to his right eye, and left just sufficient space on his side of the steps to allow the two importants to pass.

"I must really have this state of things altered if I remain—to be obliged jostle any body and every body is what I cannot put up with. If I did not abominate strong language, I should say it was subjecting oneself to catch contagious disorders," said Miss Longiver.

Wilkinson was about to do a bit of toady, but catching Miss Kitty's eye she withheld the remark that was upon the very tip of her tongue, and followed her employer into the library.

"Do you know that very rude person, Sir Edward?" asked Miss Kitty of the very handsome man who had been talking to her—the "7th man," as Miss Longiver called him.

"I assure you I had rather not," said he; "but let us go in and see who the rude creature is. We may get a rise out of her."

"I must leave you, Sir Edward, for my mother expects me, and I will write the letter you named this evening, and meet you here to-morrow morning," said Miss Kitty.

"You heard that, eh, Wilkinson!—upon my word—" said Miss Longiver.

"Excessively impudent," cried the toady.

"Well, hurried as I am, I must know who these two women are, so 'Go on, I'll follow thee,'" said Kitty to Sir Edward Worthington, as he led the way into the library.

Miss Longiver walked up the shop and down it again without noticing the nods and winks meant for bows, and smirking intended for most enticing smiles of the librarian, or the book containing the subscribers' names, which was placed upon a handsome mahogany desk in the centre of the shop. The fact is, that she had not made up her mind whether to subscribe or not. She had not yet calculated accurately whether it would be more economical to pay one guinea for her quarter's novel reading, or twopence for each volume she might be inclined to peruse. It struck her, however, that if she intended to carry out the plans she had conceived, of being the lady patroness of Tumberville, that she ought to make herself known at once by putting down her name, not only in the subscription book of the library, but also in one or two others arranged by its side for funds in aid of the curate and the master of the ceremonies.

She whispered to Wilkinson to keep an eye on Kitty and her companion, and then walked majestically towards the desk. The librarian watched her with anxious eyes as she turned over the leaves and examined the names of those who had already subscribed, and he felt himself a richer man by one guinea when he saw her take up a pen and examine its nib preparatory to signing her name. When it was done he bowed once; but when he saw her affix her signature to the other books that lay beside his own, he made just as many bows, increasing in profundity, as he calculated a three-guinea subscriber was entitled to. Poor Wilkinson, who had an eye to her own interest as well as to Kitty and Sir Edward, sighed deeply, for she knew that the deficiency then made in her employer's purse would be made up by an additional turn or two of the economical screw, and that mutton-chops would be "the order of the day" for an indefinite period.

"Now to see who she is," said Edward, walking to the desk which Miss Longiver had deserted for the book-table. On seeing her name, he whispered, "Oh! my prophetic soul! my—not uncle, but—most disagreeable aunt, whom I have not seen for years, and hoped never to see again."

While Miss Kitty was hearing from Sir Edward a whispered history of Miss Longiver, that lady, under the pretence of wanting some particular book, summoned the librarian by a beck, and asked of him who the gentleman, speaking with the young female, was.

"Sir Edward Worthington, madam, came down last night by boat, puts up at the Royalty, with one servant, two horses, and a remarkably neat brisky, which arrived per road this morning."

"Thank you, sir—enough—you may go—tell the lady in the blue-cloak I would speak to her."

Wilkinson, who was gloomily viewing in her mind's eye a long vista of mutton-chops and Cape Madeira, "came at the call."

"Oh! Wilkinson, dear" whispered Miss Longiver, convulsively, putting both her hands upon the spot where her heart ought to have been, as if to restrain its throbbings, "here is a sad discovery!"

"You have not lost your purse in your walk, or your—"

"Pooh; child! I have lost nothing but have found—"

"What?" cried Wilkinson, eagerly, hoping it might be an unexpected additional five pound-note.

"A nephew—a nephew—a sister's child in that fine young man. Oh! dearest, oh! how gladly would I acknowledge him—but how can I do so under such very painful circumstances? When I behold him with my own eyes degrading himself and his family by what I should call—if I did not abominate strong terms—carrying on a public *haïm* with a disreputable young person, what can I—what am I to do?"

Wilkinson thought for a moment, and advised the indignant aunt to return home, write a note, and invite her impudent, if not guilty, nephew to dinner at six precisely. We must confess that the advice was not disinterested. She felt the impossibility of setting chops and Cape before an adolescent baronet.

Miss Longiver nodded assent, rose from her seat, and having gathered her shawl as closely as she could around her, whisked by the young lady, whose conduct had offended her, as if afraid of being contaminated by a mere brush of her garments, and hurried to her apartments. There she seated herself in such a position as to be able to see, without being seen, all that might pass at the library door.

Wilkinson suggested writing a note, and ordering a nice little dinner from the confectioner's; but Miss Longiver took no notice of the suggestion. She kept her eyes fixed upon the library, and as she watched, rapidly gave her companion an insight into the natural history of Sir Edward Worthington, which she did in very strong language, although she professed to abominate it; for her sister, who had been left a widow early, had refused to admit her to a share of her comfortable home, or to her councils in the management and disposal of her funds and family; in fact, had closed her doors against her for merely having recommended her a very pious young man as a tutor to her son, and advising her to educate him at home instead of sending him first to Eton and then to Cambridge.

"You see the result, love; his morals are evidently corrupted by the public system of education. Maternal unwillingness to receive advice has already caused the destruction of two souls—for it is quite impossible for that embodied personification of impropriety there to listen to his fascinating words, and not be lost."

This was said as Sir Edward gave Miss Kitty a parting shake of the hand, and smilingly walked away on his road to his inn.

"And now, madam, shall we despatch the note and order dinner?" inquired Miss Wilkinson, as soon as the young lady and the baronet were out of sight.

"We will despatch the note certainly, and there will be time enough to order dinner when a favourable answer arrives. He may be engaged, and if so, as I still suffer horribly from dyspepsia, I think, dear, I shall merely order a chop. I know you prefer them to those indigestible amalgamations which are concocted by confectioners."

Wilkinson sighed as she placed the writing materials before her lady, and fondly hoped that the invitation might be immediately accepted.

The note—a mere formal invite—stating that Miss Longiver would be most happy to see her nephew at dinner at six, and renew an intimacy that had been unfortunately broken off by no fault of hers—Miss L.—was written and sent by the coachman, who returned in a few minutes with a verbal message to say, "Sir Edward was very much obliged, but was much more agreeably engaged at the hour named."

Wilkinson was annoyed, and vented her annoyance on the baronet, by abusing him in powerful language for sending so impertinent an answer to so civil a note.

Miss Longiver sighed deeply, held her handkerchief to her eyes, and sobbingly attributed her nephew's rudeness to maternal suggestions, the errors of the public system of education; and, above all, to the influence of Kitty Dangerous, whom she resolved, from that moment, to ruin—if she possibly could.

Her amiable resolution was confirmed by a visit from the curate's lady, who, as in duty bound, called to pay her respects to a subscriber to her husband's book. From this lady Miss Longiver learnt the history of Miss Kitty's past life and present engagement to Frederick Somers, the son of the clergyman of the Old Place, which she, the curate's, heartily hoped might soon end in a wedding.

"They were such a charming couple—evidently born for each other—and so beloved by every body who knew them."

Six o'clock struck, and just as Phoebe had placed two very small mutton-chops, four young potatoes, and a pint of very small table-beer, on rather a dingy cloth, a rattling of wheels was heard, and Sir Edward was seen driving a very neat britchka, and a splendid pair of grays, down the principal street of Tumberville.

"There he goes," said Miss Longiver, laying down her knife and fork, "a true Worthington, seeking pleasure rather than cultivating that friendly feeling which ought always to exist in families. If I did not abominate strong—Wilkinson! what are you doing?"

"I was merely taking my chop while it was hot, and listening to you, madam," said Wilkinson, who fancied her employer sufficiently abstracted in mind not to notice her abstraction of the bigger, by a penny-weight, chop of the two.

"I am surprised; but never mind—I have no appetite," sighed the lady.

Her companion was very glad to hear it, but did not say so. She had strong hopes of appropriating the second chop, but she was disappointed, and that too by an error of her own. She, in the midst of the mastication of the first chop, was weak enough to suggest to her weeping lady, that the baronet, instead of driving out to call or meet Miss Kitty Dangerous, was going out to dine with some friend in the neighbourhood. Miss Longiver, hoping it might be so, dried up her tears, ate up her chop, and said that she had made a most excellent dinner. Wilkinson hinted at a relay, but when Phoebe came, the cheese was ordered in, and when the meal was ended, the dessert—four summer apples and six greengages—was placed on the table, flanked with two wine-glasses, and, to poor Wilkinson's horror, a decanter of Cape at 18s. per doz.

In all our misfortunes and mishaps, there are some palliating circumstances, and Wilkinson, indignant, as she justly was at being treated so scurvily, was considerably relieved by seeing her employer thoroughly upset just as she was tasting the Cape and pronouncing it excellent. The britchka returned, and in it were seated Kitty Dangerous and an aged female, who, there could be no doubt from the likeness, was her mother.

Miss Longiver gave a shudder, rushed to the window, opened it, and saw the carriage turn into the gateway of the Royalty Hotel. Wilkinson took two rapidly-poured-out glasses of Cape before her lady returned to the table, to assure her that she had not the least doubt that the mother was quite as bad as the daughter.

"Put up the decanter and give me the writing-desk, dearest—I'll mar their plans."

Wilkinson popped the diminished Cape very quickly into the cupboard, fearing detection; and when she placed the desk before her, her lady sat down to it and wrote several letters, which were dropped into the post-office with her own hand, as she and Wilkinson passed it on their way to the beach for an evening stroll.

On their way they were addressed by a very polite gentleman, who, after sundry bows, announced himself as Captain Cringer, the M. C. of Tumberville, who thus took an unusual, probably, but the earliest method of paying his respects to a lady whose name and address he had only been able to ascertain that very afternoon, by finding it inserted in his book.

Miss Longiver was particularly gracious, and begged she might have frequent opportunities of cultivating the acquaintance of so polite a person; and at Wilkinson's suggestion, invited him to take tea with her that evening, an invitation that was not declined, for Captain Cringer had seen the lady's very comfortable carriage in the stand-at-livery department of the Royalty Hotel. To narrate what passed over the table, which was well furnished with gunpowder and cakes of all sorts, will occupy too much space—suffice it to say, that before the M. C. left, he was authorised to issue cards, to every proper visitor, to a ball, to be given by Miss Longiver in the Assembly-room, which he was authorised to hire, with an efficient band, for the occasion.

On the morning following this memorable evening, several anonymous letters were received by different individuals. It is our province to display them to the eyes of our readers.

In the first place, Frederick's mother, Mrs. Somers, opened one, which ran thus:

"Is it possible that a mother, the wife of a clergyman, can allow her absent son to be deceived by a wanton syren! The writer warns her that K. D. is carrying on a flirtation with a young man, who is putting up at the hotel and is a most disreputable character."

Mrs. Somers showed the letter to her husband, and both of them had a hearty laugh over it.

A second was received by Mrs. Dangerous. Thus it ran:

"Abominating the use of strong language as the writer of this does, she must say that the spectacle of a mother riding out with her daughter in the carriage of that daughter's paramour, is a sight truly horrifying to feminine purity, and will not fail to bring down on the unworthy parent's hoary head, the powerful thunderbolts of public indignation."

It was shown to Miss Kitty by her mamma, who in return showed her mamma another note, evidently in the same hand-writing, which contained these few but important words:

"Your abominable conduct is watched, and duly reported to your dape—the unsuspecting and ever-confiding Frederick Somers."

After exchanging notes, the mother and daughter exchanged looks, and fairly shrieked with laughter.

Sir Edward Worthington was favoured with this bit of advice.

"The scion of an ancient family ought not to degrade that family by openly driving a wanton and her conniving parent about the streets of a public watering-place. His disgraceful conduct will be reported to his indulgent but devoted mother, and to the unfortunate young man, who fondly believes that the affections of an artful hussey are bestowed upon him alone."

How Sir Edward did laugh as he showed the note to Kitty and her mother, and how they did join in the laugh. Their merriment would have roused even an hypochondriacal Quaker.

Sir Edward's mother, too, was informed anonymously that—

"Her unworthy son was spending his time, talents, and money, at a little obscure watering-place on the coast of Kent, and amusing himself by coquetting with a vulgar, low-bred girl, to the injury of an amiable youth, who was pursuing his studies at Oxford with additional zeal, in the hopes of his exertions—extraordinary, nay, even miraculous as they were—being rewarded ultimately by the hand of a pure minded, unsophisticated maiden."

Frederick Somers was told that—

"A serpent had crept into the family most dear to him, and was instilling its pernicious poison into the pure ears of one whom he loved, and who was, as the writer believed, worthy of his love. Leave then, deceived youth, the study of the classics and mathematics, and return to the spot where your treasure is in danger, and by a manly and timely interference, rescue your love from the fangs of the before-alluded-to venomous reptile."

Frederick smiled as he put the note carefully into his pocket-book, and ordered his gyp to pack up his clothes and a few books, for he was determined to quit Oxford immediately that term was over, which happened to be the very next day.

Daily consultations had been held between Miss Longiver,—upon whom every body likely to get tickets for the ball had called—Captain Cringer, and Miss Wilkinson, upon the mode to be adopted in provisioning the dancers. The giver of the ball simply suggested tea, and weak Marsala and Pontac negus. The captain was for sandwiches, and a little Roman punch, of which he was considered a skilful compounder. Wilkinson was all for a sit-down supper, commencing with white soups, and terminating with tartlets and jellies, illustrated with Port, Sherry, and Madeira.

Miss Longiver, after holding out a long time, at length, like a battered fortress, capitulated upon terms that the enemy should march in and plunder her stronghold of Twankay and Hyson, cakes, sandwiches, and hot negus, with punch in the close of the evening for the men.

The important night at length arrived, and Phoebe was quite delighted at seeing the one fly kept at the Royalty, rattling up and down the one street of Tumberville, and setting down party after party of its gaily-dressed visitors, and as "the first floor's" carriage, had set her, the giver of the ball, down at the door of the Assembly-rooms, she put on her bonnet and shawl, and walked out to meet the baker, and enjoy the music of the band, whose melodies were wafted into the street through the open windows of the crowded hall-room.

Just as she and her sweetheart, the baker, had taken their station, a smart britchka drew up, and deposited a large party at the vestibule of the rooms. Phoebe saw Kitty Dangerous and the handsome baronet among them, and crying out, "Oh! my—won't there be a row!" rushed across the street, dragging the amazed baker with her.

Miss Longiver had refused to open the ball. "She never danced, for she abominated strong exercise," but sat, with Wilkinson a little *en derriere*, at the upper end of the room. The M. C. clapped his hands, and away went some fifty couples in the mazes of the first set of quadrilles. In the midst of the evolutions, a sharp, sudden screech was heard, which drowned the noise of the Tumberville band. Every body stood stock still. The band ceased playing. Amidst the dead silence, Miss Longiver was heard to say, or rather shriek, "Captain Cringer, have you dared to invite those—those—whom, did I not abominate strong language, I should call most inadmissible people!"

Of course all eyes were directed to the inadmissibles. A handsome young man, with the well known Kitty Dangerous leaning on his arm, and followed by Frederick Somers, his father and mother, and Mrs. Dangerous, walked up to the top of the room, and formed a group before the astonished eyes of every one.

"Allow me, my dear aunt," said Sir Edward, to present you to my first cousin, and your niece, Miss Catherine Dangerous, and to her mamma, in whom you will recognise a sister. Had you not estranged yourself from your family by your talents for making yourself disagreeable, you would have known that

of which you are now informed, for the first time, the second marriage of your younger sister in India, to this deserving young lady's father. This, madam, is Mr. Frederick Somers, her affianced husband, and my most intimate friend who deputed me to convey to her the news of his having distinguished himself at college—and these are his excellent parents."

"Wilkinson, I shall faint—take me out."

"Before you go, aunt," said the baronet, "allow me to present to you—"

"I can't—I won't," screamed Miss Longiver.

"A small packet of letters. The company may have printed copies of them at the door; and now I take my leave, merely adding that your theory of abominating strong language had better be reduced to practice as speedily as possible."

The inadmissibles made profound bows and curtseys, and left the room. Miss Longiver pleaded indisposition, retired from the room and the little watering-place that very night, taking with her the unwilling Wilkinson, who had not had time to enjoy even a solitary sandwich.

In a few short months, no such person was to be found in Tumberville or "the Old Place," as KITTY DANGEROUS.

NAPOLÉON AS LAWGIVER TO POLAND.

After the peace of Tilsit, Napoleon, who could scarcely wait for its termination, hastened to show himself again to his people as a conqueror, and travelled from Poland to Dresden without making any stoppage on the road. He had been convinced, that the Poles, after the many promises made to them, and after their many and great sacrifices, were not pleased with his conversion of their country into the duchy of Warsaw. With the view now of giving us a suitable constitution, he convoked the government commission which was to promulgate it; or rather, probably in consequence of some error, he notified to his minister resident at Warsaw, that Stanislaus Potoski and myself (Wybicki) should immediately join him at Dresden. The dissatisfaction that this occasioned to my colleagues was not disguised from me; and I impressed most earnestly on Potoski that the entire commission ought to be assembled for an affair of such importance. I explained, however, to the president Malachowski, that Napoleon could only have summoned two of us through some misconception, and because we were best known to him.

It was at last decided, that we should undertake this political journey in a body; and I set every engine in motion, in order to appear before Napoleon with a plan for the constitution. I must, however, admit, that there was but little union or disposition to work among us. The venerable Malachowski, as the marshal of our once famous diet, wished to address Napoleon, praying for the restoration of the constitution of the 3d of May, 1791. I strongly argued that this constitution was no longer adapted to the spirit of the passing age, that they must now admit the entire nation to the representation, and that serfage must be entirely abolished; nothing of which was provided for in the constitution of the 3d of May, because the nation at that time still clung too much to its ancient ideas. I exerted myself greatly in proposing the leading principles of the work that had devolved on us, and Potoski supported me throughout; but, unluckily, he fell ill, and I was at length obliged to rouse him forcibly from his bed, and bring him with me to Dresden. Our colleagues had already preceded us; and I arrived late at Dresden, as I was obliged to travel quietly and carefully with my invalid. Napoleon who had been some time in a state of impatience, ordered us immediately to appear before him. The various articles for the constitution, which, as I have before said, I had, with Potoski, proposed at Warsaw, were again discussed on our way to the audience, and additions were made to them. Although we were now about to appear before the emperor, our colleagues had not yet arrived at unanimity of opinion. But when did union ever exist in Poland!

We arrived at the palace; Napoleon had Potoski and myself only summoned before him, and, immediately on our entrance, commenced upbraiding us for the lateness of our arrival. In the presence of the then master of the world, much tact, and more patience, were necessary. Having listened to his reproaches, we endeavoured to begin a few words expressive of our thanks to him for granting us a constitution, when he continued,—"I know that the Poles are discontented, because they only possess the duchy of Warsaw; but I cannot compromise the interests of France on your account." We again endeavoured to express our gratitude, in the name of the nation, and Napoleon seized his hat, and, compressing it between his hands, said,—"Thus, all that will be crushed some day." Upon this he asked us if we had brought with us any plan for a constitution. Potoski thereupon began to read out what we had drawn up in brief; but Napoleon interrupted him. "In these days you require another—a representative constitution," he said; and ordered the attendance of the Duke of Bassano, for the purpose of dictating one to him. We here ventured to announce to him, that the president and other members of the government commission were waiting in the ante chamber. He allowed them to enter, and received them with all the severest reproaches on their disunion, disposition to anarchy, &c. and terminated by saying, "I will abolish serfage among you, and establish a representative government, under the sceptre of the King of Saxony and his dynasty."

Napoleon then began to dictate the constitution which, as is historically known, he promulgated to the duchy of Warsaw on the 22d of July, 1807. He spoke so rapidly, while walking up and down the room, that the Duke of Bassano, who was almost obliged to write upon his knees, had the greatest difficulty to follow him. He asked us from time to time if we were satisfied, and was certain to receive answers according to his will.

In an hour the work was completed; but it was still in the rough, having been accomplished, as it were, during a walk. Napoleon gave the final arrangement of the constitution over to the Duke of Bassano, who, with ourselves, made his bow, and retired without saying a word.

What an impression did this hour make on me! For so many hundred years had we been without a settled government, when the last diet, after four years' duration, brought a sickly constitution to light; Napoleon had composed one that was well adapted to our nation, and to its actual circumstances, in an hour!

We returned into the audience chamber, and were presented to the King of Saxony as our duke. Even here Napoleon did not fail to use the bitterest reproaches against us. He went so far as to threaten to withdraw the constitution the moment that we should return to our former habits. Thus we were obliged to expiate our errors, or rather those of our forefathers.

We had, on this occasion, an instance of the respectful awe which the emperor inspired. While he was dictating, a chamberlain announced the King of Westphalia. "Let him wait," exclaimed Napoleon. The King of Saxony was not less respectful to him than ourselves; and, as we afterwards took our leave, the emperor said, "I know that the King of Saxony is no sovereign for you; he is no soldier, but you have yourselves chosen him at your diet."

Miscellaneous Articles.

POWERS, THE AMERICAN SCULPTOR.

The October number of Graham's Magazine contains a handsome tribute from Mr. Heady to Powers the sculptor. But we think his inferences in the following part of his letter are widely beyond his facts. Time has set its seal on the fame of Powers, and he cannot easily be excelled, by one whose second attempt is such a failure as Mr. Heady describes. Single speech Hamilton made one speech in the English Parliament said to be equal to any ever made by Pitt or Fox, but he never made another, and did not tear the crown from either Pitt or Fox. But to the extract:

"There is a new artist just risen in Florence, who threatens to take the crown off from Powers' head. His name is Dupre—a Frenchman by extraction, though an Italian by birth.—Originally a poor wood engraver, he designed and executed last year, unknown to any body, the model of a dead Abel. Without advancing in the usual way from step to step, and testing his skill on busts, and inferior subjects, he launched off on his untried powers into the region of highest effort. A year ago this winter, at the annual exhibition of designs and statues in Florence, young Dupre placed his Abel in the gallery. No one had seen it—no one had heard of it. Occupying an unostentatious place, and bearing an unknown name, it was at first passed by with a cursory glance. But somehow or other, those who had seen it once found themselves after a while returning for a second look, till at length the whole crowd stood grouped around it, in silent admiration—our own artist among the number. It became immediately the talk of the city, and in a single week, the poor wood engraver vaulted from his humble occupation, into a seat among the first artists of his country. A Russian princess passing through the city saw it, and was so struck with its singular beauty, that she immediately ordered a statue for which the artist is to receive four thousand dollars. Many of the artists became envious of the sudden reputation of Dupre, and declared that no man ever wrought that model, and could not—that it was moulded from a dead body, and the artist was compelled to get the affidavits of his models to protect himself from slander. We were sorry to hear the name of an American artist placed among these backbiters.

"We regard this figure as equal, if not superior, of its kind, to any statue ever wrought by any sculptor of any age. It is not proper, of course, to compare it with Venus di Medici, or Apollo Belvidere, for they are of an entirely different character. The Dead Son of Niobe, in the Hall of Niobe in the Royal Gallery, is a stiff wooden figure compared to it. The only criticism I could utter, when I first stood over it, was, 'O how dead he lies!' There is no marble there, it is all flesh—flesh flexible as if the tide of life still poured through it, yet bereft of its energy. The beautiful martyr looks as if but just slain, and before the muscles became rigid, and the form stiff, had been thrown on a hillside; and with his face partly turned away, and one arm thrown back despairingly over his head, he lies in death as natural as the human body itself would lie. The same perfection of design and execution is exhibited in all the details, and the whole figure is a noble monument of modern genius. Being a new thing, and hence not down in the guide books, most travellers passed through Florence last year without seeing it. We were indebted to a young attaché who had resided several years in Florence, and was acquainted with all its objects of interest. Dupre is now engaged on a Cain, which is to stand over the Abel. It was with great difficulty we got access to it, being yet in an unfinished state. This also is a noble figure, of magnificent proportions, and wonderful muscular power. He stands gazing down on his dead brother, terror-struck at the new and awful form of death before him, his face working with despair and horror, and his powerful frame wrought into intense action by the terrible energy of the soul within.—This is a work of great merit, but falling far below the Abel. The form is too theatrical, and the whole expression overwrought.

Dupre is a handsome man, with a large black eye, and melancholy features."

REPORT OF A SHOP-WALKER.

The Walker of a linen draper's shop is the person who has to walk up and down in it, doing the agreeable to ladies, handing chairs to them, and seeing that they are properly shaved; so that the name of Walker has by no means been injudiciously conferred upon him. The Walker has, among other things, to furnish a report to his master of the negligence of the other assistants in effecting sales; and the following is a sample of a report so furnished:—

"Sunday Morning, 1 A.M.

"Mr. Tidd has this week been very inattentive. He has let six ladies go away without buying anything, and, on more than one occasion, has neglected to inquire whether 'there was any other article.'

"Mr. Wells has missed several opportunities. On Tuesday, when a customer complained of the price of a *de laine*, he omitted to pledge his word of honour that it was the only thing of the kind in town.

"Mr. Baker let a lady have several yards of a ribbon ticketed in the window, whereas he might have served her with an inferior article if he had chosen.

"Mr. Cooper when a poor person inquired whether a certain stuff would wash, confessed he was afraid it would not.

"Mr. Jackson, on a lady's questioning him whether the colours of a *barège* were fast, replied that he could not say. He likewise hesitated to warrant a Spitalfields silks to be French, when he might have done so with perfect safety.

"I caught Mr. Stevens, having nothing to do, reading a number of *Punch*."

THE ATMOSPHERE.

The atmosphere is certainly a wonderful substance; one of the most extraordinary with which we are acquainted; generally deemed invisible, it yet forms the most beautiful and magnificent coloured object we know, the blue sky. So thin and attenuated as to give rise to the proverb "light as air," it yet exerts an enormous pressure on the various bodies on the surface, being, in its entire mass, as heavy as a globe of lead sixty miles in diameter; and when in rapid motion, possessing a force at momentum which is irresistible. Although we see nothing around us, yet the air is everywhere present, and is the most universally diffused substance in nature. It penetrates into every recess, however narrow the entry; occupies every space in or about the earth that is not occupied by something else; insinuates itself into and fills up the cavities which exist more or less in all solid bodies, animate or inanimate; and, whenever any substance is removed, rushes in on all sides and occupies the space thus left vacant. This apparent nothing contains several different substances, all constantly and actively engaged in important operations at the surface of the earth, adapting it for the abode of living beings, plants, and animals. And so

necessary is it to the existence of the latter, that mankind use it about twenty-five thousand times every day, and cannot exist above a minute or two without it. This subtle agent is the medium of heat, light, and sound. It is by an ingredient of the atmosphere that we procure artificial light and heat, without the means of producing which, mankind could never have emerged from the savage state. By its powers of reflecting light and dispersing it in all directions, it enables us to perceive objects though they are not illuminated by the direct light of the sun. The atmosphere is the medium by which the heat of the sun, which falls so unequally on different parts of the earth's surface, is diffused over the different regions, moderated in the burning zones at the equator, and conveyed north and south to enliven the desolate countries around the poles. By its impetus when in motion, it propels ships along their liquid paths, thus giving rise to commerce and intercourse between nations. By its property of conveying sound, the air raises man above the lower creation, endows him with the pleasures and sympathies of a social being, and enables him, by co-operation, to rear those stupendous monuments of human knowledge and industry which rise before us on every side. It is, altogether, one of the most wonderful of nature's works, and there are no subjects of contemplation more interesting than the constitution of this widely-diffused agent, and the innumerable purposes to which it is applied in supporting the existence and contributing to the welfare of animated beings. Pneumatics, by Hugo Read.

AN IMPERIAL AND ROYAL BOOKBINDER.

Some days since a well known artist was summoned to the Court of Requests for the sum of £1 19s. 11d., by a bookbinder, who rejoices in the imaginary honor of being one of her Majesty's tradesmen, when the following dialogue took place:—

Defendant—I'll not pay—I'm not ass enough to pay any such claim. On the contrary, I demand damages. I'm the injured party.

Commissioner—Do you deny the plaintiff's claim for work done?

Defendant—Pretty work! I really cannot comprehend my gentleman's cool impudence—he might as well fling a flower-pot upon my head and claim for the breakage of the pot. It is ridiculous—it is perfectly absurd.

Commissioner—What do you mean? what do you complain of?

Defendant—For several years I have subscribed to the *Satirist*. The *Satirist* pleases me—I like the *Satirist*—it is a very amusing paper—I am fond of being amused. One morning I bethought me to get my collection bound, and I was imprudent enough to confide the job to that person there (points to plaintiff.) He styles himself a bookbinder. (To plaintiff)—Go, sir, bind up carrots and turnips—bundles of asparagus; but books! touch them not—profane no books!

Commissioner—You must not use insulting language in Court.

Defendant—Proper—very—but I wax warm, and can't help it.

Commissioner—Once more, sir, to the point.

Defendant—That delicious bookbinder—would you believe it, Mr. Commissioner! Would anybody believe it! Over the door is painted—Bookbinder to her Majesty and Prince Albert—the Emperor of Russia—the King of the French—Queen Pomare, &c. &c. &c.

Commissioner—Once more, sir, will you come to the point?

Defendant—After detaining my property for more than two months, it was returned, as he said, bound. I examined the external work—it was fair enough. I opened my precious volume (raises his voice), ye gods! what do I behold! No margin—not the smallest vestige of a margin! Worse still, the print itself had been cut away.

Plaintiff—'Tis false.

Defendant—False, is it? I am delighted you say so. Here are my proofs (holds up the books to the Commissioner). You shall judge—you shall see the state of my precious collection. It is enough to drive one mad—I shall have revenge. (Opens a volume.) I read at page 30, the leading political article—"The nation is unfortunately governed at this critical period by an ass"—(laughter)—by an ass! the remainder of the word, "seemingly," being cut off. In page 203, under the theatrical article—"The voice of Mademoiselle Grisi increases in volume daily—she sings like a Cat!" (roars of laughter) "alani" being cruelly lopped off. Two more quotations and I have done. "Dubourg, the restaurateur of the Haymarket, is renowned for his pot"—(laughter)—pot! "potage." In a critique on new works I read, page 401, "Mrs. Gore, the gifted authoress of the prize comedy, has just brought to light a little pam"—(more laughter)—the remainder is wanting. The writer meant, no doubt, to announce to a delighted public an interesting "pamphlet." I believe my case is clear—I need not say more to the Court. You now understand why I refuse to pay. As to claim for injury to my property, I waive it—I'm generous—I repeat, I waive it—(roars of laughter).

The imperial and royal bookbinder here sneaked out of Court amidst much merriment, and the artist, bowing to the Commissioner, subsequently retired in an envious state of mental exultation and triumph.

THE BATTLE OF ELEVEN HUNDRED HORSES.—Two of the Spanish regiments which had been quartered in Funen, were cavalry mounted on fine black, long tailed Andalusian horses. It was impracticable to bring off these horses, about 1100 in number, and Romana was not a man who could order them to be destroyed. He was fond of horses himself, and knew that every man was attached to the beast which had carried him so far and so faithfully. Their bridles were taken off, and they were turned loose upon the beach. A scene ensued, such as probably was never before witnessed. They were sensible that they were no longer under any restraint of human power. A general conflict ensued, in which, retaining the discipline they had learned, they charged each other in squadrons of ten or twenty together; then closely engaged, striking with their fore feet, and biting and tearing each other with ferocious rage, and trampling over those which were beaten down, till the shore, in the course of an hour was strewn with dead and disabled. Part of them had been set free on a rising ground, at a distance; they no sooner heard the roar of the battle, than they came thundering down over the intermediate hedges, and catching the contagious madness, plunged into the fight with fury. Sublime as the scene was, it was too horrible to be long contemplated, and Romana, in mercy, gave orders for destroying them, but it was found too dangerous to attempt this; and after the last boats quitted the beach, the few horses that remained were still engaged in the dreadful work of mutual destruction. Southey's History of the Peninsular War.

As Pat Hogan sat enjoying his connubial bliss upon the banks of a southern creek, he espied a turtle emerging from the stream.

"Och hone!" he exclaimed solemnly, "that iver I should come to America to see a snuff box walk."

"Whist!" said his wife, "don't be after making fun of the birds."

KEEN RETORT.—A learned clergyman in Vermont was accosted in the following manner by an illiterate preacher who despised education—"Sir, you have been to college, I suppose." "Yes, sir," was the reply. "I am thankful," rejoined the former, "that the Lord has opened my mouth to preach without any learning."—"A similar event," replied the latter, "took place in Balaam's time; but such things are of rare occurrence at the present day."

THE KING AND THE JEW JEWELLER.—A letter from Leipsic says—"I must acquaint you with an affair which causes a great sensation here, because ill-disposed journals may very likely spread all sorts of false statements respecting it. His Majesty the King of Saxony, before his journey to England, made purchases of a Jewish jeweller to the amount of 30,000 dollars for presents. On distributing them, it appeared that most of the stones were false, for which reason the return of all the presents is requested."

FORETHOUGHT OF AN AUSTRALIAN TURNPIKE-KEEPER.—I remember the wife of a turnpike keeper near our house, who was scarcely ever seen sober, and as rarely without a broken head or a black eye. One day Mr. Meredith was driving a friend to the races at Parramatta, and on reaching the turnpike, this engaging female was discovered seated at a table by the door, with a cup and a half-gallon bottle of rum beside her, the effect of which was already evident. She offered Mr. Meredith a ticket, which he told her was not required, as she knew him so well from his passing constantly. "Oh, sir, you had better take it, for I shan't know any body by the time you come back!" Mrs. Meredith's Sketches of New South Wales.

NARROW ESCAPE BY THE SAGACITY OF A HORSE.—On Saturday last, a young child had a narrow escape for its life, and was miraculously saved by the sagacity of a horse. The child happened to be playing in the street at the west end of Kirkaldy, when two carts were passing under the charge of one man, he sitting in the foremost cart, and holding the other horse by the halter, a space being between the two. The child having run in before the hindmost horse, and the horse observing its perilous condition, refused to go forward; and, though repeatedly urged by its less observant driver, rather than do so, and prove the death of the child, which would have been inevitable, he fell down on his knees, and lay till a young woman, who observed the perilous position of the child, rushed out of her master's house and snatched up the child before the lazy driver had left his seat in the cart, or any other person came to its rescue. The child was carried to its mother unhurt. Edinburgh Witness.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.—Louis Philippe, we must confess, has the reputation of being miserly; a bad quality for a private person, and still more so for a king. He is accused of giving almost nothing to benevolent institutions, to his old domestics, to the poor, and of hoarding treasures with insatiable avidity. The amount of the revenues of the royal family has been calculated, and it would seem, indeed, that it ought to be enough. First, the king receives yearly twelve million of francs for his civil list. Then, the young Count de Paris, heir of the crown, receives a million. Besides, the state domains yield four or five millions, which go into the coffers of Louis Philippe. Further, the private fortune of the king and his sons is about a hundred millions, and must produce at least three millions yearly. This is not all. The Duke d'Aumale, son of Louis Philippe, inherits from the Duke de Bourbon a sum of eighty millions, and the princess Adelaide, the king's sister, possesses also ninety millions. Surely here are millions enough, and Louis Philippe is not satisfied! N. Y. Observer.

PRESENTS TO HER MAJESTY.—The ponies ridden by her Majesty, Prince Albert, and the Princess Royal, during their sojourn at Blair Athol, have arrived at the royal mews, Windsor, with the other ponies of her Majesty, having been handsomely presented to their royal riders by Lord Glenlyon. Five roe deer have also been brought from Scotland presents from the same nobleman to his royal and illustrious visitors.

We have reason to believe that the reports which have been in circulation respecting the marriage between the Grand Duchess Olga, the lovely daughter of his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia, and Prince George of Cambridge, are, if not perfectly erroneous, at all events premature. Court Journal.

A very interesting anecdote appears in some of the continental journals respecting the young Queen Isabella of Spain. It seems that her Majesty meeting the procession of the holy sacrament, descended from her carriage and walked with the priest, who carried the viaticum to the lodging of a young girl who was dying of consumption. The young girl was wretchedly poor, and her Majesty before she left her emptied the contents of her purse, and on her return to the palace ordered that a further sum equal to about 310 francs should be forwarded to her, with a small daily allowance in addition. Nor was this all. She desired two of her physicians to attend and report to her whether there was any hope of recovery. Having declared that there was still hope for the invalid if she could get into the country, the Queen immediately issued orders that she should be removed to one of her own farm houses. This admirable proof of her Majesty's active practical benevolence has greatly increased the popular devotion of which the young Queen is the universal object in Madrid. Court Journal.

The John O'Groats' Journal states that another capture of whales, amounting to 360, recently took place at Sandwick.

GENERAL MONTGOMERY.—On Thursday last a Tablet was placed on the rock of Cape Diamond, near the spot where General Montgomery fell, with his two Aides de Camp, Majors McPherson and Cheeseman, at Pres-de-Ville, in the attack upon Quebec by the American Forces, in the winter of 1775—6.

The Tablet is raised about fifty feet from the road and bears the following inscription:

HERE
MAJOR GENERAL MONTGOMERY
FELL,
DECEMBER 31ST, 1775.

It has long been a matter of surprise to our neighbours of the United States, who, during the summer months, pour in a continual stream of visitors to our celebrated city, that no clue could be found by them to indicate the spot where Montgomery fell. The event must ever remain memorable in our Colonial history as terminating the last hostile struggle before the City of Quebec.

Quebec is much indebted to Mr. Hawkins for the labor he has bestowed in bringing before the public the various historical reminiscences connected with the city; and this tablet, erected by him, is a fresh proof of the interest he takes in perpetuating the recollection of every incident connected with the many warlike and memorable events illuminating the annals of our American Gibraltar. Quebec Paper.

DESPERATION.

The following is a passage from the laughable tale of 'Desperation,' one of the rich articles which are embraced in the literary remains of the late Willis Gaylord Clarke. It is only necessary to promise that the writer is a Philadelphia student, who, after a stolen fortnight amid the gayeties of a Washington 'season,' finds himself (through the remissness of a chum) at Baltimore on his way home, without a penny in his pocket. He stops at a fashionable hotel never theless, where after tarrying a day or two, he finally, at the heel of a grand dinner, 'omnes solus' in the private apartment, flanked with abundant Champagne and Burgundy, resolves to disclose all to the landlord. Summoning a servant he said:

'Ask the landlord to step up to my room, and bring his bill.'

He clatters down stairs, giggling, and shortly thereafter his master appeared. He entered with a generous smile, that made me hope for 'the best his house afforded,' and that, just then, was credit.

'How much do I owe you?' said I. He handed me the bill with all the grace of private expectancy.

'Let me see—seventeen dollars. How very reasonable! But my dear sir, the most disagreeable part of this matter is now to be disclosed. I grieve to inform you that, at present, I am out of money; but I know by your philanthropic looks that you will be satisfied when I tell you that if I had it, I would give it to you with unqualified pleasure.'

'But you see my not having the change by me is the reason I cannot do it, and I am sure you will let the matter stand, and say do more about it. I am a stranger to you, that's a fact; but in the place where I came from, all my acquaintances know me, as easy as can be.'

The landlord turned all colors. 'Where do you live, any how?'

'In Washington—I should say Philadelphia.'

His eyes flashed with angry disappointment. 'I see how it is, Master; my opinion is that you are a blackleg. You don't know where your home is; you begin with Washington and then drop it for Philadelphia; you must pay your bill.'

'But I can't.'

'Then I'll take your clothes; if I don't blow me tight.'

'Scoundrel!' said I, rising bolt upright, 'do it if you dare! do it! and leave the rest to me!'

There were no more words. He arose deliberately, seized my hat, and my only inexpressibles, and walked down stairs.

Physicians say that two excitements can't exist at the same time in one system. External circumstances drove away, almost immediately, the confusion of my brain.

I rose and looked out of the window. The snow was descending as I drum med on the pane. What was I to do? An unhappy 'sans culottes' in a strange city; no money, and slightly inebriated. A thought struck me.

I had a large, full cloak, which with all my other appointments, save those he took, the landlord had spared. I dressed immediately; drew on my boots over my fair drawers, not unlike small clothes; put on my cravat, vest and coat; laid a travelling cap from my trunk, jauntily over my forehead, and flinging my fine long mantle gracefully about me, made my way through the hall into the street.

Attracted by shining lamps in the portico of a new hotel, a few squares from my first lodgings, I entered, recorded some name on the books, and bespoke a bed. Every thing was fresh and neat; every servant attentive; all augured well. I kept myself closely cloaked; puffed a cigar, and retired to bed to mature my plot.

'Waiter, just brush my clothes well, my fine fellow,' said I, in the morning, as he entered my room. 'Mind the pantaloons; don't spill any thing from the pockets; there is money in both.'

'I don't see no pantaloons.'

'The devil you don't! Where are they?'

'Can't tell, I'm sure; I don't know, s'elp me God.'

'Go down sir, and tell your master to come up here immediately.' The publican was with me in a moment.

I had arisen and worked my face before the glass into a fiendish look of passion. 'Landlord!' exclaimed I, with a fierce gesture, 'I have been robbed in your house—robbed, sir, robbed! My pantaloons, and a purse containing three fifty dollar notes, are gone. This is a pretty hotel! Is this the way that you fulfill the injunctions of scripture? I am a stranger, and I find myself taken in with a vengeance. I will expose you at once if I am not recompensed.'

'Pray, keep your temper,' said the agitated publican, 'I have just opened this house, and it is getting a good run; would you ruin its reputation for an accident? I will find out the villain who has robbed you, and I will send for a tailor to measure you for your missing garment. Your money shall be refunded. Do you not see that your anger is useless?'

'My dear sir,' I replied, 'I thank you for your kindness. I did not mean to reproach you. If those trousers can be done to-day, I shall be satisfied; for time is more precious than money. You may keep the others if you find them, and in exchange for the one hundred and fifty dollars which you give me, their contents are yours.'

The next evening, with new inexpressibles, and one hundred and forty dollars in my purse, I called on my guardian in Philadelphia for sixty dollars. He gave it with a lecture on collegiate dissipation, that I shall not soon forget. I enclosed the money back to my honorable landlord, by the first post, settled my other bill at old Crusty's, the first publican, and got my trunk by mail.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 10½ a 10¼ per cent. prem.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1844.

BRITISH POWER IN INDIA.—No. V.

It has by no means been our object, in these papers, to go into the details of the hostilities carried on by the British in India; our design is to justify, as far as our knowledge and understanding reaches, the power and authority at which Great Britain has arrived there. This, to be at all effective to her character, must be shewn clearly and fully before any reference be made to the good consequences resulting from her sway there, for no consequences can justify unwarrantable means for attaining power, and "to do evil that good may come of it," if even such were the previous idea in the case, which it was not, is a

sentiment abjured in the reformed school of Christianity. Our purpose, therefore, will not be completed until we shall have hastily traced the remaining conquests of British arms in India, and until we shall have shewn, as we hope to do, that the increase of mere dominion there has been in conformity with both strict justice and sound policy.

A glance at the Map of India will shew that, at the period now reached, England possessed all the facilities she could desire for carrying on trade with India, and for the protection of her nautical commerce in the Indian and Oriental waters; and there is not anything in the history of the period which indicates either her intention or desire to enlarge her influence there. All she desired, and in fact this was eminently requisite, was security in her possession, and peaceful neighbours there with whom to communicate. Troublesome, predatory, unsettled, and usurping, as the princes of India have at all times been, reckless followers of any favorite leader as the people of India have ever proved themselves, void of systematic patriotism as they are well known to have been, it was greatly to be expected that the superiority of European arms and institutions, and the benevolent policy of the British Government—as compared with their own anarchy and violence—would induce a more quiet course of deportment in the central and western regions of the Peninsula. But the leaven of private ambition, and the love of predatory warfare, were too intimately blended in the Indian character to be expelled in a generation or two, and England had still to fight for the security of her establishments there, until opposition could no longer be found.

The two principal territories in the central part of the Peninsula were the Deccan and Mysore; the former of these consisting chiefly of large plains, and was in close contiguity to the British Bengal establishment on the northward, and to the Carnatic to the southward, whilst it was not difficult to assail it on the west by the force at Bombay. The Nizam, therefore, wisely considered it the safest policy to be allied to the English power, and although he was far from being constant and faithful to his stipulations, he at least kept sufficiently within bounds as to avoid the vengeance due to absolute and continued treachery. Although his conduct was such that, considering the general character of the Hindoo Princes, he was a tolerable model of fidelity, and was not without his reward upon the apportionment of conquered territory. Mysore, lying more to the south, and extending nearly to the apex of the Peninsula, is more mountainous than the Deccan, peopled with a more vigorous and fierce community, and consequently was a more troublesome neighbour when under the influence of a restless leader. Both these countries, from being vicerealties of the Mogul empire, had gradually shaken off the imperial yoke and attained to at least *de facto* independence; the latter had fallen under the dominion of Hyder Ali, a man of obscure birth, who from having been fostered and encouraged by the ruler of Mysore, at length dethroned his master, assumed the government himself, and finally entertained the notion of driving the English out of the Carnatic which he purposed to add to the dominions he had already usurped. Hyder, although the most illiterate of men, and much addicted to sensual passions, was an excellent soldier according to the tactics of his country; brave, skilful, expert in strategy, prompt in action, liberal to his troops, and had acquired their complete devotion to his commands. He harassed the British during many years, and might have been more than dangerous had it not been for the Mahratta tribes adjoining his territories on the North West, who knowing his ambition, and perhaps dreading his success, kept him in check until he died, leaving his ambitious projects and a full share of hatred against the English, to his son Tippoo Saib.

This prince was not, perhaps, so skilful a general as his father, but he was his superior in policy, and was unsurpassed in deadly hatred of the British. He became greatly celebrated, and made many acquisitions to his dominion, but found it hard to intrigue against the alliance of the English, the Nizam, and the Mahrattas. When Lord Cornwallis arrived in India he quickly discovered, what was indeed manifest enough, that there could be no peace in India until so restless, so powerful, and so implacable a man should be completely overmastered. Tippoo had again and again signalled himself against British arms, and had greatly misused his advantages; Lord Cornwallis therefore at once, changed the whole course of policy which he had previously laid down to be pursued by him, and instead of peace and the avoidance of war with the native powers, he determined to employ all his energies and means to bow down the turbulence of Tippoo Sultaun. In the insolvency of success and of conscious strength Tippoo was not long in giving the Governor-General a fair pretext for hostilities, and the issue was the surrender of half the Kingdom of Mysore, and the payment by the Sultan of the expenses of the war.

Deeply mortified to see so large a portion of his dominions portioned out among the Mahrattas, the Nizam, and his most detested enemy, yet farther weakened by the engagement to pay over four millions sterling out of a greatly reduced treasury, Tippoo brooded over his losses and disgraces, not without the hope of recovering his prosperity. He had always been urgent in fomenting quarrels in India between the French and the English, and, about the period of Lord Mornington's arrival there, it was discovered that the Sultaun was privately negotiating with the French authorities at the Mauritius for assistance to enable him to break his treaty with the British. This of course brought on war again, and at the celebrated last siege of Seringapatam Tippoo lost his life, and his territories were divided, except a portion which was given to a descendant of that Rajah of Mysore whom Hyder Ali had dethroned and imprisoned.

It might be presumed that now, with such effects of British prowess before their eyes, and with the knowledge of so large an extension of British power, the natives of India would think of ceasing to annoy them, and would cultivate a friendship which they were sensible tended both to their security and to in-

ternal tranquillity. But, no! Turbulence whilst there is the least shadow of hope to succeed, is the characteristic of the leaders, devotion to some chief and the expectation of plunder are equally so of the people. The Mahrattas had no sooner witnessed the ruin and destruction of the formidable Tippoo, than they determined to try conclusions with the English as to the entire dominion of Southern India; they, now, were assuming the jealousies and the ambition of the ruler they had just helped to cast down, and, concluding that they must now be either the conquered or the conquerors, they lost no time in assuming the offensive.

This war, and one subsequently which terminated in the extermination of the Pindarees, and which completed the circle of British Rule in India, are so interwoven together that they may be considered as first and second parts of the same event. The Mahrattas, it is true, existed as a nation, with established territorial possessions, a ruler, and recognised authorities; whilst the Pindarees were nothing more than bands of robbers having a sort of nominal head, and to a certain degree a community of purpose; being likewise the very pests of India, not even always exclusive of the Mahratta nation who were their principal protection. The chief martial force of the Mahrattas as well as of the Pindarees was cavalry; the breed of horses used by them was of a superior order, and the men were daring, skilful, fearless riders. Their mode of fighting was very much like that of the Parthians of old or of the Arabs in nearer times, their companies making wide detours, appearing suddenly and unexpectedly to their enemies in quarters likely to surprise; if checked they would not hesitate to retreat, considering present safety consistent with soldiery, and they would rally, change position, and reappear in some other unexpected quarter. The Mahrattas, however, had something more noble both in their views and in their conduct, than that which characterised these mere freebooters, the Pindarees, and accordingly they met with very different treatment in the course of the hostilities which ensued. Both, nevertheless, were predatory, both had the practice of going suddenly on expeditions to distant parts of India; now it was to the feet of the Himalayas, now to the shores of the Burrampooter, next it would be across to Cuttack, or down to the very cape Comorin; anon they would be menacing the Presidency of Bombay, making inroads into the Deccan, or even penetrating into Scinde or Cutch. These people, in process of time, met their just fate; the Mahrattas were subdued, were obliged to submit to the usual terms of the restless nations of India, that is to say, to give up portions of territory and to admit and maintain their quota of Anglo Indian troops; they were likewise restrained in the matters of war and peace, and in the course of time became more and more settled and tranquil. The Pindarees, however, as mere pests and altogether incorrigible were utterly or nearly exterminated; most of those who survived the war having retired either into the extreme north west, passed the Indus, or retreated into its vicinity; since which time they have never seriously rallied.

English rule since the expulsion of the Pindarees has pervaded all India from the Himalaya Mountains to Cape Comorin, and from the Burrampooter to the Indus. It skills not to take into account subsequent affairs such as the Burmese war, or the hostilities of more recent date; these like the former are the results of circumstances beyond the controul of mere men, and, when we come to consider this wonderful accession of power as achieved by a comparatively few islanders, merchants, whose homes were twelve or fifteen thousand miles from thence, we are compelled to repeat that they have been especial instruments of a great design of Divine Providence.

With respect to the consequences of this stupendous change of power in India, we do not think that the most virulent declaimer against it can deny that they have been in the highest degree beneficial to the natives. The scenes of violence and bloodshed in pursuit of usurped dominion have immeasurably subsided, although they have not entirely ceased; rapine, injustice, and despotic power have likewise greatly hid their dishonoured course; confidence is reposed in the equity of British rule, the moral virtues are inculcated, brutal practices and rites have been greatly abolished by quiet means, ancient and almost inveterate prejudices are giving way, the light of the Gospel is beginning to shine, and the most populous though hitherto the most bloody portion of the world is increasing rapidly in the participation in the blessings of peace, civilization, and good government. It is true that the main support of the Anglo-Indian government is yet the Sword, and the general belief in its unconquerable force, but the time is fast approaching when even of India we may say, "Cedant arma togæ."

From the most recent Canadian Journals we learn that the returns thus far are 43 Conservatives, 28 Opposition, of which one Member, Mr. Morin, is returned for two places, and 6 unknown. There are five places yet to be heard from, and when they are completed we shall give the entire list from the best authorities we may. The Canadian Parliament, we believe, is summoned to meet on the 28th inst.

By a letter from Halifax, of the 4th inst., we learn that some differences have taken place between the Governor of Nova Scotia and the Mail officer (Lieut. Ambrose, R.N.) of the Acadia Mail Steamer; in consequence of which the Acadia has departed without the Mail, and the Governor has chartered the Reserve Steamer, Margaret, which vessel is to convey it to England. The United States mails went by the Acadia. The nature of the differences in question has not transpired.

From the returns in the Journal of Commerce of this city, (Thursday morning), we learn that, of the States where the results of the Electoral Election are ascertained, Mr. Clay's number amounts to 83 Electoral votes, and Mr. Polk's to 121. The Journal of Commerce farther asserts that "of States not ascertained, but conceded," there are 6 more for Clay, making his total thus far 89, and 37 more for Mr. Polk, making his total thus far 158; and that there

are still returns of votes to be made not included in the above, and yet doubtful, amounting to 28. The votes necessary to carry the election of a President must be at least 133.

His Excellency, W. C. Bouck, Governor of the State of New York, has issued a Proclamation, recommending Thursday the 12th day of December ensuing, as a Day of Public Thanksgiving.

Music and Musical Intelligence.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The admirers of Instrumental Music, subscribers and others, must not forget that the first concert of this admirable society will take place this evening at the Apollo Saloon. The prospects of this institution, we are happy to hear, are more cheering than ever, though the attendance of visitors has been, from the very establishment of the Society, numerous even to the filling of the concert room. We have just learned that the opening piece will be Beethoven's celebrated Sinfonia No. 8, a composition which, like all by this distinguished master, has its own perceptible plot, dialogue, and denouement expressed in musical sentiment, and much of it is of a very singular and comic nature. The second instrumental novelty is a Sinfonia by Mendelssohn Bartholdy, expressive of the sensations experienced by him on visiting the isles on the west of Scotland, and other places, and particularly those arising from the view and hearing of Fingal's Cave and the noises there, and which have given name to the composition. There will likewise be a fine overture by Lindpainter. In addition to these, Madame Ricci and Sig. Sanguirico will give their vocal assistance, and altogether a musical treat of a very high order may be expected.

MISS JOSEPHINE'S BRAMSTON'S CONCERT.—"And who is Miss Josephine Bramston?" To this we answer, "A real musical prodigy, and no humbug." This wonderful young creature is said to be not more than in her tenth year, and from her personal appearance we see no cause to doubt it. She seems to have dropped from the skies, for the trumpet of fame has not heralded her to the world, and yet her musical attainments are such as generally get bruited abroad betimes. She made her debut at the Tabernacle on Wednesday evening, when she played a *merveille* on the pianoforte, with all the rapidity, the precision, the steady time-keeping, and the taste of an adult professor; she threw more force, also, into the volume of her tones than we could have supposed her physique could accomplish, and her general efforts were such as threw an immense audience, which was there congregated, into frequent, loud, and continued plaudits. Her performances consisted, first, of brilliant variations by Czerny upon a theme from "The Bronze Horse," which she played alone; secondly, of variations by the same composer, in which she led a full orchestra; and thirdly, a set of concertante variations for Pianoforte and Violin, arranged from "La Sonnambula," by Benedict and De Beriot. These were truly gems of execution, and even the most fastidious musical critic would have had little to wish for in the way of improvement. But the young lady was not the only prodigy of the evening, and we mean the term *this* time quite as earnestly as in the first instance. Master Sconcia, son of an able musical professor of this city, made his first public appearance on that evening as a violinist. We may guess his age at about thirteen years, and he really fingers with such truth, and uses his bow with such taste and feeling, as are absolutely surprising. We could not detect any scrambling in his rapid passages, nor in such as were intended to be expressive were there marks of labour; his ear is evidently acutely correct, and his memory excellent, as he played without book, in the manner of all the best modern solo players. The most remarkable deficiencies are such as he is sure to surmount in good time, and consist of weak tone, and a somewhat retarded time in executing cross passages of arpeggio runs; but there is much elasticity in his enunciation and expression, and he is very happy both in his double stop and his harmonies. In short, he is an extraordinary youth, and bids fair to become a first-rate artist. He played a fantasia by Arlot, from "Lucia di Lammermoor," and accompanied Miss Bramston in the concertante above alluded to. Besides these performances, Madame Otto sang two pieces very sweetly indeed; the first was the "Se crudele il cor mostrai," from Donizetti's opera of "Betty," and the second was a German version of the song in "Don Giovanni," best known as "Batti, batti, o bel Masetto," in which last she was accompanied on violoncello, in very chaste style, by Mr. Groeneveldt. The orchestra was not a large one, but it was neatly led by Mr. Otto; nevertheless, there was somewhat of a *break-down* in the overture to "Der Freischütz," in consequence of the clarinet player—an important artist in this opera—losing his place in reading his part, and being unable to find it again. Altogether this was one of the most pleasing concerts which we have attended of a long while, and we earnestly hope it will soon be repeated. We made several enquiries as to the name of the master who had produced so extraordinary a pupil as Miss Josephine Bramston—for we thought that, granting the goodness of the *materiel*, he must be a professor of great merit who could bring her thus forward at so early an age—and at length we learned that his name is Mr. Graham, and that he it was who turned over the leaves of her music for her. We congratulate him, and regret that we have never happened to hear of him before. His celebrity must be greatly increased shortly from such a specimen.

. We are happy to announce that Mr. Geo. Loder, the eminent composer and musician, of this city, has been at the pains to procure the celebrated "Lobgesang," or "Song of Praise," the great work of Dr. Mendelssohn Bartholdy, including the entire score and the parts of that splendid composition, and is at present getting it into rehearsal, with a view to its performance at his own concert. Besides the superiority of this grand work it requires an immense vocal and instrumental strength to perform it effectively, and we know that the

fine taste and experience of Mr. Loder will not permit him to bring forward a musical piece of this importance prepared in an indifferent manner. We understand that he has made arrangements with upwards of eighty artists, in both musical departments, and of the highest order of talent, to enable him to do justice to the "Lobgesang." As this must inevitably be attended with great expense and trouble, he has, very judiciously as we think, opened subscription lists at the principal music stores, &c., to assure himself of enough to cover those expenses before he shall advertise its performance. But we trust that the love of good music, which has taken such deep root in the public mind, will render the precaution superfluous, or at least fulfil its object, and that our musical dilettante will combine their energies to foster so grand a performance. We would commend the communication of Mr. Loder, in our advertising columns, to general attention.

THE QUARTETT.—A second series of this delightful species of musical publication has just been commenced by Mr. S. O. Dyer, of 396 Hudson-street, the original publisher. It consists of seven pieces, by Otto, Spazier, Kalliwoda, Spohr, Kreutzer, Bishop, and Benedict. These are of the same delightful order of sweetness in the motifs, and taste in the harmonies, which have hitherto distinguished this work, and the publisher has been enabled to offer this continuation at 25 per cent. lower price than heretofore.

Opera.—Palmo's Theatre.

We perceive it advertised that the Italian Opera is to be resumed, and that several promising additions are to be made to the vocal strength of the company. This is well—if it will last—but we cannot help fearing that the two *Prime Donne* will get to words ere long, that one of the tenors will be found wanting,—and that one of the Basses will be inclined to monopolise. We hope for the best, however, and are satisfied that, if all these will work cordially together, a good opera season may be made out. We are glad to see that a Committee will hold possession of the subscription money, to be given out "at proper times to the company." The Opera will open on Monday evening with "Chiara di Rosenberg," and it will be followed in succession by "Lucrezia Borgia," "La Cenerentola," "Semiramide," &c. The new *Prima Donna* is Signora R. Pico, and the new *Basso* is Signor Tomasi.

The Drama.

PARK THEATRE.—That excellent tragedian, Mr. Anderson, has commenced a short engagement here, and his performances as they well deserve, prove highly attractive. On Monday evening he played Hamlet, the most intellectual and the most difficult of the Shakespeare characters; on Tuesday he appeared as Claude Melnotte, in which he was so greatly successful that he repeated the character on Thursday; and on Wednesday evening he acted the new character of Gisippus. Whatever carping critics may say of this gifted actor we feel more and more borne out in the assertion that he is one of the very best artists of his day in the highest walks of his profession. As to instituting comparisons between living actors we do not like the fashion; let the actor be judged of positively and not relatively, the latter system being very like the erection of a standard, in which both the standard and the judge are fallible. *Miss Ellis* is a very clever Pauline, and delivers her text with great propriety and feeling; we could wish, however, a little more ease in her gait, and a little less leaning of her head to one side. *Chippendale* made quite a hit in Col. Dumas. He is a treasure to the establishment.

Next week, as we perceive, Mr. Anderson will play in "The Elder Brother, or Love makes a Man," which we suppose is an adaptation of the play from Beaumont and Fletcher.

BOWERY THEATRE.—The celebrated "Black Vulture" is found competent to play many characters; he has figured well as *The Bonny Black* in "Rookwood," and is now doing duty as the famous steed in "Mazeppa," besides this last, "The Mysteries of Paris" are in representation, and as usual, this house is doing a great business.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—"The Vivandiere" is brought up again, by this company; it is not quite so much to our taste as the real staple of this house would be, but it is certainly better than "The Magic Arrow," which is the merest "wash" of crudities, and abortive attempts at wit and humour. With such capital and extensive material as Mr. Mitchell's stage library consists of, he cannot be at any loss, though "The Magic Arrow" should be consigned to the Limbo of Vanity.

CHATHAM THEATRE.—Mr. Dinneford has made his appearance here in the character of El Hyder, in which he was warmly greeted.

NIBLO'S THEATRE.—(CORBYN'S)—The new Burlesque called "Richarde ye Thyrd, or ye Battel of Bosworth Fielde" is really a piece of humour, both in the incidents and the dialogue. It is sufficiently close upon Shakspeare to bring to recollection all the standard passages and action of the original, and it is so comically travestied that one is tickled almost to death by the humorous turns of expression. The writer of this theatrical joke has truly a vein of wit of his own.

Literary Notices.

HARPER'S ILLUMINATED BIBLE.—Part XII.—This beautiful edition of the Holy Scriptures, according to the authorised translation in the reign of King James I. of England, is in regular progress of publication; and the enterprising publishers well keep up the neatness of type and elegance of embellishment with which they began it. When finished it will be a treasure to every private family that shall be possessed of it.

THE HISTORY OF GREECE—No. I.—By the Right Rev. Connop Thirlwall, Bishop of St. David's (Wales).—New York: Harper & Brothers.—This elaborate work, one of deep and extensive research, was, we believe, written as a part of the Historical Series of Lardner's Encyclopedia. It is upon the principle of the German historians, rejecting the fabulous monstrosities of the earliest ages, and endeavouring as far as possible to arrive at correct views of those very difficult portions of ancient history. Dr. Thirlwall, however, has not thrown himself blindly into the arms of the Germans, for we find him correcting the generally correct Niebuhr himself. The Bishop is a man of extensive learning and of patient inquiry, and his "history" is likely to stand beside that of Mitford if not to surpass it. This edition will be completed in eight very cheap numbers, making a quantity of matter equal to eight octavo volumes.

ELEMENTS OF RHETORIC AND LITERARY CRITICISM.—By J. R. Boyd. A.M. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A work by a practical man, who has tried its efficacy in the Institute over which he doubtless worthily presides. It consists, to use the term of his title page, of "Copious practical exercises and examples, includes also a succinct history of the English language, and of British and American literature from the earliest to the present times, and is altogether formed on the basis of the recent works of Alexander Reid and Robert Connel, with large assistance from other sources." In fact the work is at once an English Grammar, a guide to the study of Rhetoric and Composition, a literary history, and a biography of literary men; it is truly *multum in parvo*, and what is done is well done.

THE DOUAY BIBLE.—Part VII.—New York: Edward Donigan.—We can but repeat our satisfaction as to the manner in which this Bible is produced, and of the steady celerity with which the publishers proceed to its completion.

QUEBEC DIRECTORY AND STRANGERS GUIDE, FOR 1844-5.—By Alfred Hawkins. This careful and exceedingly useful compilation has just been laid before us, and upon even a cursory view of the contents we can pronounce it both an elaborate and a valuable publication. Besides the lists of streets, inhabitants, Companies, &c., &c., here is much information of a national and public description, and it is an excellent guide to the city and its very interesting environs, and in short is much more literary, and much more official than its humble title would lead one to infer. Mr. Hawkins has been at great pains also in drawing a plan of the city of Quebec and its environs; he is about to publish it under the special sanction of the Mayor and Corporation of that city, and is at present here for the purpose of inspecting the engraving now near its completion. As soon as we shall have opportunity to examine the new plate with its additions and improvements (we saw the former plate some time ago) we shall gladly speak of it as it shall deserve.

AMERICAN JOURNAL OF FINE ARTS.—The first number of this novel species of Periodical will be issued to-day: a copy of it is before us and next week we shall endeavour to enlarge upon its objects. It cannot be denied that the present condition of the Fine Arts in this country renders a report and an *examen* on their various subjects necessary, and we are aware that to render it effective it must present a pleasing appearance; this last at least is the case, but of the former the public can hardly judge without patience and deliberate perusal. The work is published at No. 4 Barclay Street, Astor Building.

HISTORY AND MYSTERY OF PUFFING. New York, J. W. Leslie. An anonymous author has put forth this little humorous brochure, which is a piece of mock gravity, pretending to enter into a disquisition upon Tobacco, its qualities, its varieties both of growth and application; and other curious lore, which is ingeniously handled, and displays both wit and humour.

EVIDENCES OF THE CHRISTIAN REVELATION.—By Thomas Chalmers, D. D. &c.—2 vols. 8 vo.—New York: Robert Carter.—Amongst living divines there are few if any, more eminent in the lore of divinity, or more zealous in the holy cause of religion than Dr. Chalmers; and whether we are engaged in perusing his lucubrations of the closet, or his discourses in the pulpit, it is hardly possible that we should fail to be both edified and delighted; Edified, on account of the strength and application of his researches, delighted, through the beauty and perspicuity of his style. We perceive in the work before us that he carefully disposes of the skeptical remarks of Hume with regard to the sufficiency of evidence on miracles, before he takes up his own position in the abstract. In this he is right; the skeptical writings of Hume are perhaps not much read in these days, but the pernicious leaven of the immediate effects of those writings lies yet lurking imperceptibly in many a mind unconscious from whence it emanated, and Dr. Chalmers here evinces himself a skilful champion in aiming directly at the vitals of the enemy he proposes to crush. In these days when absurdity, blasphemy, schism, deism, and even atheism stalk abroad with brazen front, the axis of truth and sound doctrine is especially needed to check their onward progress, at least, if not to destroy them utterly. This work has long been a standard in studies of divinity, and we trust that in its present neat and cheap dress it will be carefully considered.

MENDELSSOHN'S LOBGESANG.

MR. GEORGE LODER respectfully begs leave to announce to his friends and the public, his intention to produce, early in the month of December, the greatest composition of modern times;—the

LOBGESANG, OR SONG OF PRAISE,

BY FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLODY.

This magnificent Sinfonia Cantata, having created the greatest excitement in the musical circles of Europe, Mr. Loder at the request of numerous friends of Classical Music, has procured the Score and Orchestral parts, which are now in rehearsal by a full choir and orchestra of

EIGHTY PERFORMERS!

Comprising the best professional talent of the City. The LOBGESANG to be followed by a miscellaneous

CONCERT.

In which the most popular and talented artists will perform. In order to secure himself from any loss, which might accrue, from the large number of performers, and the heavy expenses necessary, it has been thought advisable to issue subscription lists, to the various Music and Book Stores, in order that those who desire to attend the performance, may subscribe, and guarantee to the projector a certain number of tickets.

Price of Tickets of Admission.—Single subscription, \$1; Family tickets, to admit five persons, \$3. The tickets will be delivered a week in advance of the Performance. Subscription Lists will be found at the various Music and Book Stores. a.16-2t.

PARK THEATRE.

MONDAY EVENING, Nov. 18, 1844.—Last night but 3 of Mr. ANDERSON'S Engagement—"The Elder Brother, or Love makes a Man," and other Entertainments.

TUESDAY—Last night but 2 of Mr. ANDERSON'S Engagement—"The Elder Brother."

WEDNESDAY—Last night but 1 of Mr. ANDERSON'S Engagement—"The Patriarch's Daughter, or the Citizen's Son."

THURSDAY—Last night of Mr. ANDERSON'S Engagement—"The Lady of Lyons," and other Entertainments.

FRIDAY—Mr. ANDERSON'S Benefit and last appearance.

SATURDAY—A favorite Comedy, and other Entertainments.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—THIRD SEASON.—1844-1845.

The Government of the New York Philharmonic Society begs leave to announce to the Subscribers, that the First Concert of the present Season will take place at the Apollo Rooms, on Saturday evening, Nov. 16, at 8 o'clock precisely.

Subscribers who wish to make use of their privilege to purchase two extra tickets at \$1.50 each, can obtain such by applying to Messrs. Schartenberg and Luis, 261 Broadway near Franklin Street.

By order: WM. SCHARFENBERG, Secretary.

PIANO FORTE AND SINGING.—A Lady from England, whose Musical education was received from the celebrated J. B. Cramer and Mr. George Kollman, desires to obtain a few select Pupils for instruction in Music and Singing. The best attention will be paid to their acquiring a thorough knowledge of the principles of Music and correct fingering. Apply at 730 Greenwich Street, or a line addressed "Music" and left with Mr. A. D. Paterson, Editor of this Paper, or with A. Stodart, Esq., 361 Broadway, will have prompt attention.

ALBION NEWSPAPER.—For Sale, a full set of Volumes of the Albion from the commencement of 1833; they are in good order and will be sold at a reasonable rate. Address D. E. at this Office.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S CROTON PEN.—A new article, which for elasticity and delicacy of point, surpasses any pen hitherto made by Mr. GilloTT. It possesses a greater degree of strength than other fine pointed pens, thus making of a more durable character.

The style in which these Pens are put up will prove attractive in all sections of this country, each card having a beautifully engraved view of the following points of the Great Croton Aqueduct.

The Dam at Croton River.
The Aqueduct Bridge at Sing Sing.
View of the Jet at Harlem River.
Fountain in the Park, New York.
in Union Park.

The low price at which these Pens are offered, combined with the quality and style must render them the most popular of any offered to the American public.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S AMERICAN PEN.—An entirely new article of Barrel Pen, combining strength, with considerable elasticity, for sale to the trade by

HENRY JESSOP, 91 John-st.

INTRODUCTION.

Public Notice to the Commercial Interests of New York.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Proprietor of the Marine Telegraph Flags, and Semaphoric Signal Book, having supplied above two thousand sail of American vessels, including the Government Vessels of War and Revenue Cutters, informs the Commercial, Mercantile, and Trading Interests of New York, that he is now ready to furnish sets of Telegraph Flags, with Designating Telegraph Numbers, and Signal Books for Ships, Barques, Brigs, Schooners, Sloops, and Steamboats, for Fifteen dollars, complete for conversation.

Having received from the Merchants' Exchange Company, the gratuitous use of their building for the purpose of facilitating the operations of his Semaphoric Telegraph system of Marine Signals, and in conjunction with Mr. A. L. LEONARD, of the Telegraphs in Wall-street, at the Narrows, and the Highlands, it is contemplated to furnish the several Pilot Boats with sets of the Marine Signals, by which means, the earliest information of vessels' arrivals will be announced from the office, and the Telegraph Numbers displayed at the Merchants' Exchange, as soon as announced from below.

Vessels on approaching the land from Sea, are requested to hoist their Conversation Flag, and show their Telegraph Designating Numbers, and to keep them flying until they have passed the Telegraph Stations below.

Signal Book (a pocket edition) will be furnished each owner of all those vessels in the possession of the Marine Telegraph Flags, gratuitously.

Sets of Flags, Designating Numbers, and Signal Books in constant readiness by A. A. LEONARD, Merchants' Exchange, and by the undersigned, at the Marine Surveyor's Office, 67 Wall-street.

New York, Sept. 1, 1844.
LEONARD P. S. Ships' and Barques' numbers are displayed with a pendant above—Schooners', below—Brigs', alone.

MR. JOHN A. KYLE, teacher of the Flute and Pianoforte, announces to Amateurs and the Public generally, that he gives instruction on the above instruments, either at home, or at the houses of his Pupils.

Mr. J. A. Kyle will also give instruction in the art of accompanying, illustrating, and giving practice to the Pupils by accompanying them with the Flute.

For Terms, &c. &c., apply to his residence, 41 Forsyth Street, just above Walker.

WILLIAM LAIRD, Florist, 17th Street, 4th Avenue, (Union Square), N.Y., has all ways on hand, and for sale at moderate prices, Greenhouse plants of all the most esteemed species and varieties; also, hardy Herbaric Plants, Shrubs, Grape vines, &c. Orders for Fruit and Ornamental Trees, supplied at the lowest rates. Bouquets of choice flowers tastefully put up at all seasons.

N.B.—Experienced Gardeners to lay out and keep in order gardens, prune Grape, &c. Gentlemen supplied with experienced Gardeners, and Gardeners of character with plants.

J. M. TRIMBLE, Carpenter, Theatre Alley, (between Ann and Beekman streets), New York.

Jobbing of every description executed on the most reasonable terms.

Rooms of every description fitted up Neatly, Speedily, and Reasonably.

INDIGESTION

MOST PREVALENT IN WARM WEATHER.

Use *Parr's Life Pills* where Health is a Desideratum.

IMPORTANT TO FAMILIES.—In no season does the blood and secretions of the human system undergo more striking change than in the fall of the year. If we turn to Nature, the changes in the vegetable world are found to be not only strikingly analogous, but to have a strong influence on the healthy or diseased condition of the body. From the decay of autumn, and the morbid and deathlike state of winter, there springs new life and beauty. The effect of this decreased activity in all inanimate matter, as well as on our physical system, renders the use of some simple medicine—especially to those of a slender constitution—of absolute importance. This is the time effectually to assist nature in renewing and strengthening the power of the vital organs. Of these functions, none have a more intimate connection than the stomach and liver. The presence of food in the stomach, and the healthy operation of the digestive powers, furnish the only natural stimulant to the liver. But whenever the coatings of the former become weak and morbid, both the quantity and quality of the secretions are greatly modified; the natural stimulus is diminished—the bile is improperly secreted, and disease of the liver, or chronic affections in one form or another, are almost sure to follow. In this critical condition, to give a healthy tone to the stomach, and to free the blood of its impurities, thereby preventing months, and it may be years, of suffering, **PARR'S LIFE PILLS** are a perfectly gentle and effectual medicine. Its celebrated author was for more than a century not only a close and constant student of the medicinal properties of plants, but of their adaptation to the cure of every class of internal diseases. Although in early life apparently a hopeless invalid, the use of this medicine restored and continued him to health and vigor to the extreme age of 152 years. These Pills are exceedingly mild in their operation, and may be given to children as well as adults with the utmost security. To their superiority in this respect over most of the vegetable medicine in use, thousands are constantly testifying.

The Proprietors have sedulously avoided that system of puffing so generally resorted to, yet their Pills have won a degree of popular favor unexampled in the history of any family medicine. It is now only twelve months since they established their agency in the United States, and the monthly sales are exceeding upwards of ten thousand boxes. They give these as simple facts, wishing the medicine to rest alone on its intrinsic value. No ship going to sea should be without them. Families having once used them will always have a supply.

Sold Retail by all respectable Druggists, and Wholesale by Thomas Roberts & Co., 117 Fulton Street.

Ag. 10.

M. RADEA, 46 Chatham Street, New York, dealer in imported Havana and Principe Segars in all their variety. Leaf Tobacco for Segar Manufacturers, and manufacture acco.

Ap. 20-ly.

RIALTO, MONTREAL.—Mr. FARQUHAR respectfully announces to the citizens of New York on the eve of visiting Montreal, together with his Canadian Patrons, that he is prepared at all hours to accommodate the travelling public. His viands are of the first quality, his Liquors, Wines, &c., of the premier brands. Mint Juleps, Sherry Cobblers, and every fancy drink on demand. Lobsters, Oysters, Turtle, &c., received every Friday per Express line. Mr. F. having been in the business for some years, flatters himself he can meet the wishes of the most fastidious.

Two Billiard Rooms are attached to the Establishment, being the only ones in Montreal.

Ag 3-3m

LET COMMON SENSE HAVE WEIGHT.

A COSTIVE and DYSENTERIC time, with cold, cough and sore throat in Child in some cases Scarlet Fever, and with infants Summer Complaints and Scarlet Ra with Swelling and Tumors of the neck.

In these complaints no remedy can be compared to the **BRANDRETH PILLS**, and it is a solemn duty on the part of parents to their children, that they have recourse to them at once, if given at the commencement, there need be no fear as to the result, and at any period of the disease, there is no medicine which will exercise a more health-restoring power.

In Costiveness, or the opposite disease Dysentery, the dose should be sufficiently large to remove morbid accumulations, and the Pills will have the further good effect to restore healthy secretions in these important organs, and remove the irregular distribution of blood from the head, liver, and other parts, in fact will equalize the circulation, by the abstraction of the impure humors from the system generally.

In affections of the throat and bowels, I cannot too strongly recommend the external use of the **BRANDRETH LINIMENT**, it will materially expedite the cure. There is no outward remedy at all to be compared to this Liniment, which has the effect of taking out inflammation wherever it is applied. In cases of Fever and Ague the **BRANDRETH PILLS** are a never-failing cure, the first dose should be large, sufficient to have a brisk effect, afterwards two Pills night and morning, and drink cold Pennyroyal tea, a cup full, say two or three times a day. The cure is sure.

Remember, the great blessing the **BRANDRETH PILLS** secure to the human body, is

PURE BLOOD.

When your blood is once pure nothing in the shape of food will hardly come amiss; nothing will sour upon your stomach; you may eat anything in reason; and the greater variety of food the better blood is made. All who have weak stomachs, who are dyspeptic, or in any way affected in body, should without delay resort to **BRANDRETH'S PILLS**—which will indeed strengthen the life principle, and by perseverance with them, entirely renew the whole body; the materials now in it good, will be kept so; those bad, displaced and removed. Good Blood cannot make bad bone or bad flesh. And bear in mind, the **BRANDRETH'S PILLS** surely purify the Blood.

The following case from Col. J. Hughes of Jackson, Ohio, a member of the Ohio Legislature, will no doubt be read with interest by those similarly affected.

Cure of violent periodical pain in the head. A thousand persons can be referred to in this city, who have been cured of a similar affliction.

JACKSON, C.H., Aug. 1, 1844.

Dr. B. Brandreth, Sir,—That the greatest good may be done to the greatest number, I take pleasure in informing you that for six or seven years prior to 1841 I suffered incessantly with a nervous headache. I applied to the most eminent physicians in Ohio for relief, but received none whatever. I being much prejudiced to all patent medicines, refused to use your Pills; finally my headache increased daily; I as a last resort, and even without faith, bought a box of your Vegetable Universal Pills. On going to bed I took 5 pills, next night 3, next 1; skipped two nights and repeated the dose—I found immediate relief. Two or three times since I have been partially attacked, I again applied to your Pills and aid was forthwith well. I cannot speak too highly of your Pills, for nothing relieved me but them. May you live long to enjoy the pleasure it must be to you to know and feel that day unto day and night unto night, you are relieving the pains and diseases of the human family. Yours truly,

Sold at Dr. Brandreth's Principal Office, 241 Broadway, 274 Bowery, and 341 Hudson-st.; Mrs. Booth, 3 Market-st., Brooklyn; James Wilson, Jersey City; and by one Agent in almost every town in the United States, who have a certificate of Agency. [Ag. 17.]

THOMAS H. CHAMBERS,
(Formerly Conductor to Dubois & Stodart.)
PIANO FORTE MANUFACTURER,
No. 385 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK.

N.B.—All Piano Fortes sold at this Establishment are warranted to stand the action of any climate. May 11-6m.

GREAT BRITAIN AND AMERICA.—LAW AGENCY.—**THOMAS WARNER, No. 18 City Hall Place, New York, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Solicitor and Counsel in Chancery, &c. &c.** begs to inform his friends and the Public generally, that he has just returned from a business tour through England, Wales and Scotland. That from having been for several years engaged in the practice of the Law in London, and for the past six years similarly engaged in New York, he flatters himself he is fully competent to conduct such Law business in England and parts adjacent, as persons from the Old Country, and their descendants, may wish to be attended to; and with this view, T. W. on his recent journey made arrangements with some of the most eminent Lawyers in various parts of England and Scotland, whereby T. W. has been able to secure the most efficient Agents and Correspondents in those places.

T. W. therefore begs to offer his services to Europeans and others, who may need professional assistance, in relation to any kind of legal business in the Old World, and assures such as may choose to favour him with their patronage, that the most unexceptionable references will be furnished, if required, and every necessary guarantee given that business confided to his care will be attended to, and conducted with industry, skill, and fidelity, and on the most reasonable terms.

St. 25-3m.

MCGREGOR HOUSE, UTICA, N.Y.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT situated near the intersection of Whitesboro and Genesee Streets, on the site of the old Burchard place, one of the oldest tavern stands in this section of the State, has lately been opened for the reception of guests, under the supervision of the proprietor, **JAMES MCGREGOR.**

And it is believed that the accommodations it affords are such as to induce the travelling public, if they desire **QUOD FARE, PROMPT ATTENDANCE, and commodious, well lighted, and well ventilated apartments,** to make it their home during their stay in the city.

The House and Furniture are entirely new. The building was erected last year, under the immediate direction of the proprietor, who has endeavored in all its internal arrangements to embrace every modern improvement designed to contribute to the comfort and pleasure of guests. The lodging rooms are spacious and convenient. A considerable part of the House has been apportioned into Parlors with sitting rooms and closets attached. They are situated in pleasant parts of the House, and in finish and general arrangement are inferior to no apartments of a similar character in any Hotel West of New York.

In each department of Housekeeping the proprietor has secured the services of experienced and competent assistants, and he is confident that in all cases, those who honor him with their patronage will have no reason to leave his House dissatisfied, either with their fare, their rooms, their treatment, or with his Terms.

The "McGregor House" is but a few rods distant from the Depot of the Eastern and Western Rail Roads, and the Northern and Southern Stage Offices. Travellers who desire to remain in the city during the stoppage of the Cars only, can at all times be accommodated with warm Meals. Porters will always be in attendance at the Rail Road Depot and at the Packet Boats to convey Baggage to the House, free of charge.

Attached to the House are the most commodious Yards and Stables, for the accommodation of those who journey with their own conveyances.

Utica, Nov. 1, 1843. JAMES MCGREGOR. [Mar. 9-1f.]

NEW YORK AND BOSTON RAILROAD LINE.

VIA NORWICH AND WORCESTER.

DAILY, (Sundays excepted), at 5 o'clock, P.M., from pier No. 1 North River, foot of Battery Place.

The Steamboat **WORCESTER**, Capt. J. H. Vanderbilt, will leave every Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

The Steamboat **CLEOPATRA**, Capt. J. K. Dustan, will leave every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Passengers for Boston will be forwarded by Railroad without change of cars or baggage, immediately on their arrival at Allen's Point.

For further information enquire of **D. B. ALLEN, 24 Broadway, (up stairs).** Or of **D. HAYWOOD, Freight Agent** for this line, at the office on the wharf.

N.B.—All persons are forbid trusting any one on account of the above boats or owners, May 11-1f.

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA, FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DIS- EASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM, NAMELY:

Scrofula, or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obstinate Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples, or Pustules on the Face, Blisters, Biles, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ring Worm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Sciatica, or Lumbago, and Diseases arising from an Injudicious Use of Mercury, Acute, or Dropsy. Also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders will be Removed by this Preparation.

If there be a pleasure on earth which superior beings cannot enjoy, and one which they might almost envy men the possession of it is the power of relieving pain. How consoling, then, is the consciousness of having been the instrument of rescuing thousands from misery to those who possess it. What an amount of suffering has been relieved and what a still greater amount of suffering can be prevented by the use of Sand's Sarsaparilla! The unfortunate victim of hereditary disease, with swollen glands, contracted sinews, and bones half carious, has been restored to health and vigor. The scrofulous patient, covered with ulcers and loathsome to himself and to his attendants, has been made whole. Hundreds of persons, who had groined hopelessly for years under cutaneous and glandular disorders, chronic rheumatism, and many other complaints springing from a derangement of the secretory organs and the circulation, have been raised as it were from the tank of disease, and now with regenerated constitution, gladly testify to the efficacy of this inestimable preparation.

The following interesting case is presented, and the reader invited to its careful perusal. Comment on such evidence is unnecessary.

New York, July 25, 1844.

Messrs. Sands:—Gents.—I consider it but an act of justice to you to state the following facts in reference to the great benefit I have received in the cure of an obstinate **SARCOUS ULCER** on my breast.

I was attended eighteen months by a regular and skillful physician, assisted by the advice and counsel of one of our most able and experienced surgeons, without the least benefit whatever. All the various methods of treating cancer were resorted to: for five weeks in succession my breast was burned with caustic three times a day, and for six it was daily syringed with a weak solution of nitric acid, and the cavity of internal ulcer was so large that it held over an ounce of the solution. The Doctor probed the ulcer and examined the bone, and said the disease was advancing rapidly to the lungs, and if I did not get speedy relief by medicine or an operation the result would be fatal. I was advised to have the breast laid open and the bones examined, but finding no relief from what had been done and feeling that I was rapidly getting worse, I almost despaired of recovery and considered my case nearly hopeless.

Seeing various testimonials and certificates of cure by the use of "SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA," in cases similar to my own, I concluded to try a few bottles, several of which were used, but from the long, deep-seated character of my disease, produced no very decided change; considering this as the only probable cure for my case, I persevered, until the disease was entirely cured. It is now over eleven months since the cure was completed; there is not the slightest appearance of a return. I therefore pronounce myself **WELL** and the cure entirely effected by "SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA," as I took no other medicine of any kind during the time I was using it, nor have I taken any since. Please excuse this long deferred acknowledgment, which I think it my duty to make. Your valuable Sarsaparilla cured me, with the blessing of Divine Providence, when nothing else could, and I feel myself under lasting obligations to you. I can say many things I cannot write, and I do most respectfully invite ladies afflicted as I have been to call upon me and I will satisfy them fully of the truth as stated above, and many other things in reference to the case.

NANCY J. MILLER,
218 Sullivan-st., next door to the Methodist Church.

The following extract from a letter just come to hand will be read with interest. The writer, Mr. Harris, is a gentleman of the first respectability, justice of the Peace, &c. The patient suffered for years with Fever Sores on his legs, and could find no relief until he used Sand's Sarsaparilla. Mr. Almy, writing at the request and on behalf of the patient, Jonathan Harris, says—

Gentlemen—It has once more become my duty to communicate to you the situation of Mr. Harris, and you may rely upon it I do so with the utmost pleasure. Mr. Harris says that four of his sores are entirely healed up, and the remainder are fast going so. He further says that he has no pain in the affected limb whatever—that his sleep is of the most refreshing nature, and his health in every respect very much improved—so visible is the change that all who see him exclaim, "what a change!" and earnestly inquire what he has been doing! He has gained in flesh very much, and is able to work at his trade, which is that of a shoemaker—without any inconvenience. This is the substance of his narrative—but the picture I cannot in any way here do justice to. The manner, the gratitude, the faith, and the exhilarating effect upon his spirits, you can but faintly imagine. He requests me to say he will come and see you as surely as he lives. May God continue to bless your endeavours to alleviate the miseries of the human family, is the fervent prayer of your sincere friend.

HUMPHREY ALMY, Justice of the Peace.

Brooklyn, Conn., July 10, 1844.

Baltimore, June 10, 1844.

Messrs. Sands:—Gents.—Most cheerfully do I add to the numerous testimonials of your life preservative Sarsaparilla. I was attacked in the year 1829 with a scrofulous affection on my upper lip, and continuing upward, taking hold of my nose and surrounding parts until the passages for conveying tears from the eyes to the nose were destroyed, which caused an unceasing flow of tears. It also affected my gums causing a discharge very unpleasant, and my teeth became so loose that it would not have been a hard task to pull them out with a slight jerk—such were my feelings and sufferings at this time that I was rendered perfectly miserable. I consulted the first physicians in the city, but with little benefit. Every thing I heard of was tried, but all proved of no service, and as a last resort was recommended a change of air; but this like other remedies, did no good; the disease continued gradually to increase until my whole body was affected. But, thanks to humanity, my physician recommended your preparation of Sarsaparilla. I procured from your agent in this city, Dr. James A. Reed, six bottles, and in less time than three months was restored to health and happiness. Your Sarsaparilla alone effected the cure, and with a desire that the afflicted may no longer suffer, but use the right medicine and be free from disease, with feelings of joy and gratitude, I remain your friend.

DANIEL MCCONNICKAN.

Where one desirous to know further particulars will find me at my residence in Front-st., where it will afford me pleasure to communicate any thing in relation to this cure.

DANIEL MCCONNICKAN.

Personally appeared before me the above-named Daniel McConnickan, and made oath of the facts contained in the foregoing statement.

JOHN CLOUD,
Justice of the Peace of the City of Baltimore.

Gallatin, Tenn., Feb. 27, 1844.

Messrs. A. B. & D. Sands:—Gents.—I have just received a letter from my father in Russellville, Ky., who wishes to purchase some of your Sarsaparilla. I have no doubt he can be the means of selling a great deal, as it has performed a wonderful cure in his family. Last December I was sent for to see my sister before she died, she having been in poor health for some two or three years, and at the time I went over to see her, she was at the point of death with the scarlet fever, and a cancerous affection of the bowels, from which her physician thought she could not possibly recover. I carried over with me a bottle of your Sarsaparilla, and with the consent of her physician she commenced taking it that night. I remained with her three days, and left her rapidly improving. Her husband sent a boy home with me for more of the Sarsaparilla. I sent one dozen bottles, which I believe will effect an entire cure. My father writes me to that effect, and wishes that I should procure an agency for selling your valuable medicine to that neighbourhood.

Prepared and sold at wholesale and retail, and for exportation, by A. B. & D. Sands, Wholesale Druggists, No. 79 Fulton-st., 273 Broadway, and 77 East Broadway, N. York. Sold also by John Holland & Co., Montreal, John Musson, Quebec, J. W. Brent, Kingston, T. Brickie, Hamilton, S. T. Urquhart, Toronto, Canada, Agents for the Proprietors by special appointment.

Price \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5.

The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sand's Sarsaparilla that has and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject, and ask for Sand's Sarsaparilla, and take no other.

AGT.

WELLMAN, WEBSTER AND NORTON,
COMMISSION AND FORWARDING MERCHANTS,
No. 75 Camp-street, New Orleans.

L. J. Webster, A. L. Norton, H. B. Wellman.
Reference—G. Merie, Esq., Wilson & Brown, and Lee Dater & Miller, N. Y.
Aug. 26-15.

DOCTOR BRANDRETH'S ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC

THERE are in the world medicines adapted to the cure of diseases of every form and every symptom. And when men follow the instinct of their natures, they use BRANDRETH'S PILLS for the cure of their maladies. And those who have done so have not had cause for repentance with reference thereto. These Pills are, indeed, quietly becoming the favorite medicine of mankind; for all who use them in accordance with the printed directions, find so much benefit individually, that they joyfully recommend them to all such of their friends that may not at the time be enjoying good health. These universally celebrated Pills take out of the body all diseased, decayed, or unhealthy particles; they eradicate everything from the human body contrary to its healthy condition. No matter of how long duration the complaint may have been, there is every chance of recovery when the Pills are commenced with, and it is utterly impossible for them to injure; nearly a century's use has proved them innocent as bread, yet all powerful for the removal of disease, whether chronic or recent, infectious or otherwise. We have an account to settle with ourselves as regards the pleasures and pains of life. It is soon stated. Suppose you are highly favoured by nature, having a sound mind in a sound body, the lot of but few. You cannot but be affected when you observe so much suffering from bodily infirmity around you; when neither riches nor the palliative prescriptions of physicians are able to obviate. Even the best health is insecure unless a certain remedy can be used when the first advances of sickness comes on. If then you would avoid this state of things, and you are anxious to secure your own health, your judgment, and a long vigorous old age, take Brandreth's Pills; with them you can never err; and you will avoid all the miseries of an infirm, ailing existence. Let every one whose health is not perfect take them daily for one month; instead of weakening you, you will find all your faculties of mind and body improved; all kinds of food will give you pleasure, and none whatever will disagree with you. Your digestion will proceed smoothly and pleasantly, your stomach will not require the assistance of wine, bitters, or drams; in fact, you will soon learn these things are injurious. The reason it is easy to explain: Digestion is effected solely by the solvent power of the bile. This bile is made by, and secreted from the blood. It is produced by the same operation from the blood as is the growth of the body, or any part thereof, as the bones, the hair, the eye, or the nails. By the use of Brandreth's Pills you expel out of the body those corrupt humours which impede digestion, and cramp nature in all her operations. Those humours which produce Cancer, Rheumatism, Consumption, Piles, and, in fact, all the long catalogue of diseases to which humanity is subject, but which are reducible to one, IMPURITY OF BLOOD. Custom has designated the name of the disease by the place upon which the impurity of the blood settles, or deposits itself; thus, upon the lungs, Consumption, upon the muscles, Rheumatism; if upon the skin, Erysipelas and Leprosy; upon the knee, a White Swelling; and wherever pain is felt, or any feeling is any part of the contrary to health, there the impurity of the blood is endeavoring to establish its evil influence. So in Costiveness it is occasioned by the impurity of the blood, which has become seated upon the muscles of the bowels, and which prevents the proper action of the bile to produce the daily evacuation of morbid deposits. But all these effects of impure blood are cured or prevented by the use of BRANDRETH'S PILLS. In a word, they will give the power and vigor to the human constitution it was intended to have by nature, and which it possessed before the absurd notions of the great advantages of Tonic or Bracing, and mineral medicines were acted upon. Instead of finding your digestive powers and strength diminish, as you will be told by doctors and other interested persons, you will find your strength and digestion daily improve, and all the energies of your mind and body more lively and vigorous. You will soon perceive that you are every day adding to your well-being by the simple operation of evacuating from your body the noxious humours of the blood, the source of all the pain and misery experienced in the human body. Such is the benign operation of Brandreth's Pills, that they only take out of the body what is hurtful to it, thus producing its purification and its perfect health.

The Brandreth Pills are the best medicine for families and schools. No medicine is so well adapted for the occasional sickness of children. By having them in the house, and giving them when the first symptoms show themselves, the sickness will be the affair of only a few hours, and in scarlet fever, measles, and worms, there is no medicine so safe and so sure to cure. It is all that should be used, or ought to be used. I speak as a father, and from experience.

Ladies should use Brandreth's Pills frequently. They will insure them from severe sickness of the stomach, and generally speaking, entirely prevent it. The Brandreth Pills are harmless. They increase the powers of life—they do not depress them. Females will find them to secure that state of health which every mother wishes to enjoy. In costiveness, so often prevalent at an interesting period, the Brandreth Pills are a safe and effectual remedy.

There is no medicine so safe as this; it is more easy than castor oil, and is now generally used by numerous ladies during their confinement, to the exclusion of all other purgatives; and the Pills, being composed entirely of herbs or vegetable matter, purify the blood, and carry off the corrupt humours of the body, in a manner so simple as to give every day ease and pleasure.

Man will be born to-day or to-morrow, compared to what has hitherto been his lot, weighed down as he has been by disease, infirmities, and sufferings, which no earthly power knew how to alleviate until this discovery was presented to the world. The weak, the feeble, the infirm, the nervous, the delicate, are in a few days strengthened by their operation, and the worst complaints are removed by perseverance, without the expense of a physician. Adapted to all circumstances and situations, they are the best medicine ever invented for families, or to take to sea, preventing scurvy and costiveness, requiring no change of diet, particular regimen, or care against taking colds.

THE BRANDRETH PILLS are sold at 25 cents per box, with full directions, at one store in every town in the United States. Let all who purchase enquire for the certificate, on which are fac-similes of the labels on the box, if like the Pills, they are genuine—if not, not. There has yet been, I believe, no counterfeit of the new label, and it is to be hoped there will not, for it is impossible to imagine a greater crime than that of making money by the miseries of mankind.

The public servant,
Principal Brandrethian Office, 241 Broadway, New York. The retail offices are 241 Hudson-street and 274 Bowery. Mrs. Booth is the Agent in Brooklyn, No. 5 Market-st., and J. Wilson, Main-street, Jersey City. Parker, Broad-street, Newark. Price 25 cts., with full directions in English, French, Spanish, Portuguese, and German.

Observe the Red Printing on the Top and Bottom Label. On every Box of Genuine Brandreth Pills, BENJAMIN BRANDRETH'S PILLS is printed over Two Hundred times in Red Ink. Remember to see to this, and you will not be deceived with Counterfeit Pills. (Sept. 21.)

THE RAILROAD HOTEL, 86th St. 4th Avenue, Yorkville.—THOMAS F. LENOX late of the Chatham Theatre, respectfully announces to his friends his new location in Yorkville. The Cars stop hourly on weekdays and half hourly on Sundays.

This Establishment will be found one of the most suitable and convenient stopping places en route to the AQUEDUCT,—that greatest of modern scientific achievements,—and which is within two minutes walk of the R. R. Hotel.

Liquors, Wines, &c., of a superior quality, are constantly on hand; also, Oysters, Cakes, Ice Cream, and every delicacy of the Season.

Private Rooms for Parties.

An excellent Quail Ground is attached to the House, together with other Amusements.

OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE Old Line of Packets for Liverpool will hereafter be despatched in the following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz:—

Ships.	Masters.	Days of Sailing from New York.	Days of Sailing from Liverpool.
Cambridge,	W. C. Barstow,	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1, July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16	
England,	S. Bartlett,	June 16, Oct. 16, Feb. 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1	
Oxford,	J. Rathbone,	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1, Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16	
Montezuma, (new)	A. W. Lowber,	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16, Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1	
Europe,	A. G. Furber,	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1, Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16	
New York,	Thos. B. Cropper,	Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16, Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1	
Columbus,	G. A. Cole,	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1, Oct. 16, Feb. 16, June 16	
Yorkshire, (new)	D. G. Bailey,	Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16, Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1	

Those ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their cabin accommodations, or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

The commanders are well known as men of character and experience; and the strictest attention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers. Punctuality as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

The price of passage outwards is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, with the exception of wines and liquors, which will be furnished by the stewards if required.

Neither the captains or the owners of these ships will be responsible for any letters parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor.

For freight or passage, apply to

GOODHUE & Co., 64 South-street, or
C. H. MARSHALL, 38 Burling-slip, N. Y.,
and to BARING, BROTHERS & Co., Liverpool

Feb. 2.